SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME XXIX NO. 166 SEYMOUR, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1910. PRICE TWO CENTS

FIREMAN FALLS FROM ENGINE CAB

Fireman Ralph Champion Overcome by Heat and is Injured by Fall Near Whiteland.

WELL KNOWN IN THIS CITY

Was Formerly Conductor on I., C. & S. Traction Line, Having Resigned Position a Short Time Ago.

Ralph Champion, a fireman on the Louisville division of the Pennsylvana railroad, was overcome by heat Tuesday afternoon and fell from his engine at Whiteland, a few miles north of Franklin. They had just made the stop and were starting up and Mr. Champion was shoveling coal into the engine, when he fell. He received a severe wound across the forehead and was picked up unconscious. He was also badly bruised about the shoulders and body. He was taken into the baggage car, where a number of physicians, who were on the train, attended him till the train reached Columbus, when he was taken off and removed to his home at that place. He was still unconscious when removed from the baggage car and the attending physicians pronounce his condition serious.

He was formerly a freight conductor on the I., C. & S. traction line, running between Seymour and Indianapolis. He resigned this position recently and accepted a position as fireman on the Pennsylvania line.

The accident occurred while he was making his first run, having been assigned to an extra northbound freight He is in a serious condition, but it is believed that he will recover.

He is about twenty-seven years of age and has a wife and family.

B. & O. PASSENGER TRAINS ARE DELAYED BY WRECK

Passenger and Special Coal Trains in Collision Near Caseyville, Ill. Both Engines Ditched.

Eastbound trains on the B. & O. were delayed several hours this morning on account of a wreck near Caseyville, Ill., on the division west of Washington. A passenger train met a special coal train about 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, and the wrecking crews were required to work several hours before they could clear the track of the wreckage. It is not known how the wreck occurred. When the engineer of the passenger train saw the coal train ahead or him he threw on the brakes and, with the fireman, jumped and were not injured.

As a result of the collision both engines were thrown into the ditch and it is believed the baggage car of the passenger train followed. Beyond a severe shaking up the passengers of the train escaped without being injured.

Train No. 12, due here at 4:48 a. m., did not arrive in this city until about 6 o'clock, and eastbound train No. 4, due here at 9:08, did not arrive until 10:30 o'clock.

Rev. Harley Jackson and Rev. G. M. Shutts, of this city, and Daniel Empson, of Vallonia, went to Columbus this morning to attend a joint meeting of the ministers of the Christian church in the two counties.

Smoke "El Como" 5c cigar. j23d

BERDON'S BARBER SHOP.

BIG FOURTH.

Greatest Celebration Ever Held in Seymour or Jackson County.

Special committees have been appointed to put the finishing touches on the city park ready for the Fourth of July celebration. Their work will include the arrangement of an entrance to the park, a large platform where many of the leading features of the program will be given, and various other matters.

The contract has been closed with the "Up-Side-Down" Zeraldas, said to be the highest class lady and gentleman equilibrist act in America, and they will positively appear here as a part of the entertainment on both days.

The W. C. T. U. asked for and have been granted the privilege of erecting a resting tent which will be a great convience for women and children from out of the city who may be here to attend the celebration.

The parade committee reported that there would be a number of floats in the parade and a good turn out of decorated automobiles. The automobiles were an interesting part of the parade last year and this year they will be made still more a special feature. The floats will add a decorative feature to the parade which will be equally interesting.

The finance committee made a favorable report to the effect that a large portion of the contributions of the business men and other citizens had already been collected and that the bulk of this would be out of the way within a day or so.

WHEAT HARVEST.

Farmers Making Preparations to Harvest Big Crop.

So far as has been reported, Fred Miller, who resides on a farm about three miles southwest of this city, is the first to cut wheat in Jackson county this year. By Saturday there will be a number of binders busy and by Monday wheat harvest will be in progress in a large portion of the county.

William Surrenkamp, of near Sauers, was in the city this morning and reports that the farmers in his locality have no great reason to complain of their wheat crop. He thinks the wheat in his neighborhood will average about fifteen bushels per acre, which is near the ten-year average. He sees no reason why, from all reports that have been received, that the wheat will not be as good a price this year as last.

Move Real Estate Office.

The Peek Brothers, real estate agents, are moving their office today from North Chestnut street to a suite of rooms over the Ray Keach general store, on East Second street, adjoining the interurban station.. The office will be more easily located there by passengers arriving at the interurban station. This firm does a large business with northern Indiana farmers who desire to locate in Jackson county.

Eentertained.

Mrs. Charles H. Williams entertained the members of the Sewing Club at her home on North Walnut street, Tuesday afternoon, in honor of her guest, Miss Helen Harris, of Sedalia, Mo.

A Piano Sale.

The Progressive Music Co. has sold a fine Clough & Warren piano to Frank Coffman, of West Seventh street.

Dr. D. J. Cummings, of Medora, was here on business Monday.

BEAUTINE. j22d

CLARENCE SPEAR INJURED IN FALL FROM MOTORCYCLE

Dog Runs in Front of Wheel and Rider is Thrown to the Paved Street.

Clarence Spear was injured this morning by being thrown from a motorcycle, which he was riding on South Chestnut street. A small dog was running along the side of the motorcycle and suddenly jumped in front of the wheel, which caused the rider to lose his balance and he fell to the street. He struck the street with great force, falling on his side.

He suffered a sprained ankle and arm, and was severely bruised about the body and face. The motorcycle was damaged in the accident and will require much repairing.

OBITUARY.

Sarah Frances Mann was born in Knox county, Ohio, October 22, 1850. Died at her home at 518 Fletcher Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana, June 17th, 1910. Age 59 years, 8 months and 25 days.

When a small girl four years old, with her parents she moved from Ohio to Freetown, Jackson county, Ind. She was married to William Mann, January 14th, 1877.

Surviving her are Mrs. Amanda Young, her mother, Indianapolis; one sister, Mrs. Ed Apgar, of Cincinnati, Ohio; two half sisters and a half brother, Mrs. S. C. Kile, of Riviera, Texas, Mrs. A. B. Metcalf and S. C. Young, of Indianapolis; and a step sister, Mrs. J. W. DuGranrut, of Indianapolis.

She leaves to mourn her loss a husband, William Mann, and four children, Mrs. W. F. McKnight, Mrs. J. P. Reese, Charles A. and Cora B. Mann.

She was a member of Fletcher Place M. E. church for more than twenty years, having lived the life of a faithful christian woman. Today we mourn the loss of a devoted wife and mother, a true christian, a faithful friend and neighbor. In her quiet, unassuming way she was an example of truth, modesty and symplicity. She was a faithful wife, facing perplexities and worries common to all wives and mothers with bravery and a willingness to carry her share of the load, and more.

She bequeathed to her husband, children and relatives a sweet life's story. Foremost always must be the memory of her devotion to her loved ones, sacrificing host willingly time, strength and personal desires to give pleasure and comfort to others.

Her life was well spent. The boatman's pale has carried her spirit from us away, but has left the fragrance sweet, of her prayers and council, her advice and love.

There was sorrow in her home when she went away; but there was rapture in Heaven as her soul passed through the golden gate to meet the father, babe and sister gone before, there to dwell forever with her Master, whose welcome plaudit came to her, of well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of eternal life.

She is gone from us, yet each day a part of this life's story will be a help and guide to her loved ones and friends.

Could she speak once more before she is lain away you would hear this sweet council, "Be true, be faithful, be christian men and women, and prepare to dwell with me and the Master forever in my mansion in the skies.

"How beautiful is sleep,
The sleep that Christians know.
Ye mourners cease your woe;
While soft upon her Savior's breast
A righteous woman sinks to rest."

* * *

Try a Want Ad in the Republican.

MANY DELEGATES ATTEND MEETING

Convention of Epworth League at Brownstown One of the Best Ever Held in District.

EXCELLENT PROGRAM IS GIVEN

Dr. R. Scott Hyde Will Deliver His Celebrated Lecture on "Jean Val Jean" This Evening.

The annual meeting of the Epworth Leagues of the Methodist church of the Seymour district is in session at Brownstown, and is one of the most interesting and largely attended convention ever held in this district. The district is composed of eight counties, Jackson, Jennings, Bartholomew, Scott, Brown, Floyd, Johnson and Clark, and practically every league is represented. There are nearly one hundred delegates registered, besides a large number of visitors, many of whom are attending all the sessions.

The first session was called to order Tuesday afternoon by the president, the Rev. Mr. Larmore, after which the address was given by the Rev. F. W. Hart. At 4 o'clock a business session was held, at which time various subjects pertaining to the League were discussed by the officers and delegates.

At 7:30 o'clock a praise service was conducted by the Rev. J. W. Gruber. It was expected that the address of the evening would be delivered by Dr. J. W. Turner, of Rushville, but for some reason he did not arrive. No word was received from him as to why he was not present. The sermon of Rev. J. E. Steele, of Charlestown, who consented to address the meeting, was interesting and greatly enjoyed by the delegates and visitors. During the evening several anthems were given by the choir and a beautiful solo was rendered by Miss Jennie Allen, of Brownstown.

After the conclusion of the sermon, the president announced the names for the various committees. Dr. M. B. Hyde, district superintendent, was appointed chairman of the nominating committee, which will receive the nominations for the various offices.

The program today will be carried out as announced, with the exception of a few minor changes. This evening, at 7:30 o'clock, Dr. R. Scott Hyde, of Omaha, Neb., will deliver his celebrated address on "Jean Val Jean',, which will be heard by a large number of visitors from this city.

On Thursday morning will be held the closing session. At 9:20 o'clock Dr. Harry Andrews King, president of Moores Hill College, will deliver an address, which will be heard with much interest. Rev. Hayden H. Allen and J. C. Edwards, of this city, are also on the program Thursday morning.

The members of the League at Brownstown took especial care in providing for the entertainment of the many delegates, and many compliments were given upon the excellent arrangements which were made.

BEAUTINE. j22d

Fan given away with each package of needles or bottle of oil at the Singer stores, Nos. 10 and 113 East Second street. j23d

Elmer Johnson has taken charge of the barber shop on St. Louis avenue. j24d

BEAUTINE. j22d

MARRIED.

WHITE–SCHOBERT.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Schobert to Mr. Abe L. White occurred this morning at 8 o'clock at the home of the birde's mother, Mrs. Mary Schobert, on East Second street, Rev. Hayden H. Allen officiating. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. White left for Cincinnati, where they will reside.

ARE DELAYING TAX PAYMENT

Large Corporations May Have to Pay Penalty for Neglect.

Large Indiana corporations which were taxed under the new corporation excise tax law, which went into effect January 1. 1910, are slow in paying, according to an official of the internal revenue office. About 1,000 corporations come under the tax, it is said, and the total amount assessed will be nearly $350,000, of which only about one-third has been paid. The official said it was the large companies which were holding back. This tax must all be paid by June 30 or a penalty of 5 per cent. will be assessed. During the last five days of the month the saloon keepers, brewers and liquor handling druggists pay their special tax, and there will be so much work that if the coporations wait until that time they will probably be too late, the official says.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Big Real Estate Deals.

F. M. Peek has just returned from Fowler, where he closed a deal for a $15,000 farm. He will go to Anderson tomorrow, where he hopes to make the sale of a $20,000 tract.

While away Mr. Peek traveled about 300 miles, mostly in the northern part of the state, and found none of the wheat there as good is it is in this section of the state. However, the outlook for corn and some other crops there is better.

Gentlemen!

You are invited to stop at our place and se our up-to-date line of all-wool goods for your spring and summer suits. Also gents' furnishing goods. We do all kinds of cleaning, pressing etc. Ladies' and gent's garments

A. Sciarra, Tailor and Haberdasher,
14 E. Second street.

O. O. O.

Important meeting tonight. Initiation.

G. Schwab, Pres.,
F. M. Smith, Sec.

Get your ice cream at Sweany's stand. j17d

BEAUTINE. j22d

NEWSY PARAGRAFS.

Dr. J. M. Jenkins, of Cortland, has purchased a new Maxwell automobile.

—o—

Jesse Collins, the barber, is gradually regaining his former health after a long sickness.

—o—

Mrs. F. B. Mercer, who has been severely ill at her home on West Fourth street, is able to be up this afternoon.

—o—

Claude Robbins, of West Second street, is confined to his room with an attack of stomach trouble brought on by the excessive hot weather.

—o—

Dr. R. J. Wilson and daughter, Miss Maud, and Mrs. A. L. Stout, of Salem, constituted an automobile party who stopped at the Ney Lynn at noon today.

—o—

The temperature today, according to the gevernment thermometer, is 95 degrees in the shade, the second warmest day recorded this summer. On Sunday the temperature was 98 degrees.

—o—

Mrs. Kate Sullivan and son, Roy, of East Second street, are moving to New Albany to make their future home. Roy will be employed in Louisville as a salesman for the Avery Plow Company.

—o—

The census department at Washington is preparing to announce the official census for a number of the largest cities within the next few days. The population for the city of Washington will be given out first.

—o—

S. V. Harding returned to Columbus this morning where Mrs. Harding is confined in a hospital. She continues to make very satisfactory improvement and it is thought will probably be able to be brought home by Saturday.

—o—

Police officers at Louisville have been informed that a man believed to be Joseph Wendling, is being held at Houston, Tex. If the suspect proves to be the man wanted, he will be returned to Louisville at once by the officers.

—o—

Louis Nichter, of Terre Haute, who was formely engaged in the grocery business in this city, was here this morning. His daughter, Miss Wilma, graduated from the Terre Haute high school on Tuesday evening of this week.

—o—

Frank Steinbarger was arrested Tuesday evening upon the charge of intoxication and placed in jail until this morning, when he plead guilty in police court. He was fined $5 and costs and taken to the county jail at Brownstown to lay out his fine.

—o—

The board of review is still in session, considering the assessments of the corporations. A number of the officers of the various corporations of the county have appeared before the board. The reviewers are also assessing furnaces, which were omitted when the assessments were made.

—o—

A large part of the foundation for the new school building is completed and the workmen are now beginning on the brick work. It will require nearly one million brick to finish the work on the building. The contractors believe that they will be able to complete the work by the time specified in the contract.

DON'T GO
ON YOUR
VACATION WITHOUT
A KODAK
We carry a complete line of Kodaks and Supplies.
We invite you to inspect our line.
Prescription Work is Our Specialty.
PHONE YOUR WANTS
Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.
The Rexall Store
Registered Pharmacists
Phone No. 033

MEAT
At a Bargain
Bean Bacon - - 14c lb.
Good Sausage
Like Mince Ham, at
10c per lb.
Pickle Pork - - 14c lb.
4X Coffee
Down This Week at 12½c lb.
Prize in Each Pound.
Hoadley's Grocery.

DREAMLAND
TONIGHT
"The Storm" (Scenic) and "The Chivalrous Stranger" (Comedy)
Illustrated Song
"KIND OF GIRL"
By Miss Lois Reynolds.
REMEMBER THURSDAY NIGHT IS
JUBILEE NIGHT

Try Our
Peanut Butter
In One Pound Pails.
It is Better and More Economical Than Meat.
Mayes' Cash Grocery
Phone 658. All goods delivered.

DO YOU
KNOW
That Protection in Old Reliable Fire Insurance Companies cost no more than questionable insurance in doubtful companies. Get on the safe side by placing your Insurance with the
FRED EVERBACK
AGENCY COMPANY
Office over Milhous Drug Store

NICKELO
TONIGHT
"The Face at the Window"
Biograph Drama---New Film
Illustrated Song
"Underneath the Monkey Moon"
By Miss Anna E. Carter

THERE IS
NOTHING
That will spoil your watch quicker than old, rancid oil.
Before it is ruined have it cleaned by
Albert Meseke
Expert Watch Repairer
and Jeweler
Room 4 Masonic Temple

We Give You
Express Service
At Freight Rates
To and From
LOUISVILLE
I. & L. Traction Co.

RUSTIC
"Cupid's Comedy"
(Comedy Drama)
SONG
"MY OLD LADY"
FIRST SHOW 7:30

WHIFFS THAT CHEER.

The girl typists and stenographers of London don't think it at all wrong for a business girl to take the relaxation of a cigarette or two after the day's work is done. In fact, they consider it restful and soothing. Such, at least, was the radical sentiment expressed at a recent meeting of the English Association of Shorthand Writers and Typists, held at Alan's Tea Room, Oxford street, London.

The topic down for discussion was "The office woman's meals," but this train of thought took on much new freight at the junctions. Miss Mary Phillips, the first speaker, laid down a series of luncheon maxims for the workers. Among other things, she told them never to drink tea in the middle of the day.

"It is bad for the digestion," she said, "and has a very upsetting effect on the work of the afternoon. Do without tea at luncheon, and then your afternoon tea in the office at 4 o'clock will be a real treat. You'll enjoy it as you could not possibly if you had taken it at luncheon."

Miss Phillips said office women were sometimes accused of having unconsciously acquired men's habits through their business association with men, but one good masculine habit too many had failed to assume was that of eating substantial luncheons.

"Eat chops, steaks and wholesome vegetables if you can," she advised. "Or if you don't care for meat, then nourishing and economical dishes for luncheons are soft boiled eggs, bread and butter and milk, or baked beans and tomato sauce or macaroni and cheese, nuts and salads and fruits."

Miss Emma Fitzgerald advocated a good solid breakfast for every girl typist who had or could cultivate the appetite for it. Then she delivered an admonition which brought out wild applause.

"Never," she said, "make beds or wash dishes or do anything of that sort before starting out in the morning, unless you simply have to. It takes your energy, it spoils you for the office routine of the day. Men don't draw on their energy by that sort of pottering, and if you do it you'll fall behind in the business race." All the members of the association agreed that relaxation was imperative for a girl typist after the strain and drudgery of the day.

"Do what you feel like doing," said one girl, "whether it's going to the theatre or reading an interesting book and smoking a cigarette in your room." And the other girls clapped.

Miss Gordon Holmes said she was glad to perceive that office women were getting to disregard the old doctrine of self-sacrifice that had always been preached to women.

"When a girl goes home from the office," she said, "there's apt to be that feminine problem confronting her—shall she help with the housework, or rest and enjoy life? Unless it's a case of being heartless to a sick mother, I say, throw the dishcloth out of the window and have a good time."—New York Tribune.

A WHITE SERGE SUIT.

Of course, it is perishable, but that does not preclude the possibility of its adaptation, for white serge is the sturdy material that can withstand admirably the wear of a visit to the cleaner's. There is a certain niche that the white serge suit fills and wise is she who can plan to add one to the wardrobe of the coming season.

In the first place, do not make the mistake of selecting a skirt too heavily pleated, for the weight will be unbearable, but choose rather the pattern which has the straight panel at the front and the introduction of pleats at the side.

On the jacket, which, to be strictly up to date, must be hip length, the suggestion of black is always excellent. A narrow band of silk is effective when outlining the cuffs or collar, and many models are showing the use of heavy silk braid and cord of white.

If you decide upon revers they must be long, the first fastening at the waist line or just a little above.

The sleeves have very little fullness and the buttons are extremely large.

Frequently a square, pointed or rounded tab of the material is folded up over the lower edge of the jacket and again on the sleeves. This can be embroidered, braided or plain, with a buttonhole and button.

And when lining this select a soft silk with an allover design in cashmere colors. It is the latest thing.—Baltimore American.

COLLARLESS NECKS.

The collarless necks, which so many very modish dressmakers are inducing their clients to adopt, is a fashion very pretty and charming for a young girl, or for a woman of maturer years when blessed with a plump white neck, but one which the average woman should adopt with caution.

The little collarless necks, with their pretty Claudine frills, are very attractive in the showroom and the shop window, but it is no use blinking the fact that the majority of women look smarter and better turned out when they are wearing a high collar, which, by the way, may be of the most delicate lace or net. It gives a smart finish to a smart toilette, and makes the low collarless neck look untidy by contrast. As a rule women have rarely looked so absolutely chic as during the recent vogue of the high collar, surmounted by a plaited frill of dainty net or chiffon. The latter made a most becoming setting to the face, and though the fashion in the end became ubiquitous its followers never lost their air of smartness.—Indianapolis News.

THE SHORT WOMAN.

Choose the tall color schemes. Pink makes a woman look taller, while red makes her look shorter. Brown shortens, but white lengthens. Black detracts from the height, but light green adds to it.

Don't wear a flat hat. The battleship hat is becoming to short women. Be sure that it has the upturned side and the tall crown.

Tall hats are for the short woman, but she must not wear the tall square or the round cheesebox hats. She must select something high, irregular and graceful.

Don't dress your hair wide if you are very short.

Don't walk with or stand next to a very tall, slim woman if you can help it.

Avoid the very stout type of woman. You will be dwarfed.

Keep away from the tall hanging portieres. Choose draperies and hangings in case you must stand close to them for any length of time that are curved or draped rather than those that fall with Greek simplicity.—Indianapolis News.

A WIFEHOOD GUILD.

Believing that "fully 50 per cent of unhappy marriages among young people of the working class are due to the wife's ignorance of the simplest duties of domestic life" philanthropic women of New York City and Pittsburg are organizing a Wifehood Guild, in which, just as business is taught in the Pratt Institute, instruction in the duties of the household will be given for a nominal fee.

In a suburban home the guild will teach cooking, housekeeping and nursing to a school of 100 young working girls, who will live in the institution during the six months course. The fee, according to the American Educational Review, will merely cover expenses. Women doctors will lecture on physiology and medicine, so that the students may have some knowledge of the cares of motherhood.

Headquarters of the guild will be at Huntington Manor, L. I. Three acres of land have been purchased there by the incorporators. Architects are now employed in making plans for a permanent guild house. A house was rented at Huntington Manor, for temporary headquarters.

DAINTY CLOTH AMONG SPOILS OF VISIT.

One ardent wish of Mrs. Roosevelt will be gratified when she sets foot on Porto Rican soil. In the early days of the Roosevelt regime she received a gift of exquisite table linen, the handiwork of San Juan girls. The gift was appreciated deeply and Mrs. Roosevelt decided to visit the island, inspect the work personally and select her own patterns. Not only table linen, but a filmy cloth for evening wear will form one of the spoils of her visit. She wore at many afternoon musicales and teas a pale yellow cloth, on which was embroidered a slender vine of clematis. The gown was built on yellow moire and had trimming of yellow lace. Mrs. Roosevelt doubtless will find many patterns equally dainty for service next season.—New York Press.

THE NEWEST SLEEVES.

Sleeves are charming; they are three-quarter length or shorter; they are small, but the long, straight sleeve of tulle that was worn by so many people who could not stand it taught us many wise lessons. For instance, if a women has small shoulders, her sleeve may be slightly puffed into the armhole.

There is, nowadays, nearly always an oversleeve and an undersleeve; sometimes when there is a chiffon covering there are three actual sleeves, each passing a little the other. In evening gowns the simple cap sleeve that is so very becoming is most prevalent, but there are also many and various sorts of short puffed sleeves.—Harper's Bazaar.

MISS BERRY'S SCHOOL.

Miss Martha Berry, head of a school for poor white boys near Rome, Ga., succeeded in raising the $50,000 necessary to secure an equal sum from Mrs. Russell Sage and Andrew Carnegie. This school grew out of a little Sunday school that Miss Berry started in the mountains of Georgia about ten years ago. The school now owns a thousand acres of land, a large part of which is under cultivation, and several good buildings. It has 150 pupils and fifteen teachers. The $100,000 will be used as an endowment fund.—New York Sun.

Says the Boston Herald: It must be recognized that the concessions made are comparatively unimportant. What is important is that a basis of direct negotiation of tariff differences has been reached, and that a way has been opened for further bargaining to the mutual advantage of the nations. An important step toward reciprocal trade relations has been taken.

HUSBAND HUNTING

Success of Certain Mortherly and Maiden Lady Matchmakers.

Husband hunting? said a dear, gossipy old lady, who for thirty-odd years has kept one of the most popular boarding houses at B——. Yes, I have seen a great deal of it, for it has been carried on for more years than I like to say under my very eyes.

Of course, she went on with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, the seaside is the great hunting ground for husbands, where provident mammas hope to secure for their daughters the life partners they can't find at home. It is where the young maiden finds the best exercise for her newly fledged charms, and where the old one makes her last bid for a matrimonial prize. And what could be more natural? For here they have an endless variety of new victims to practise their arts on; and if, under the glamour of pretty dresses and in an atmosphere of holiday enjoyment, a girl cannot find a partner I'm afraid she is likely to die an old maid.

Do they succeed? Of course they do! I am quite sure more than half the marriages are made, not in heaven, but by the seaside at holiday-time when the heart is young and the world is gay. Whether they all turn out happily is another question; but I dare say they are as happy as those made elsewhere.

I am sure husbands of life romances have been cradled in this very house. If I had my time to go over again I really think I would pose as a matrimonial agent and claim a fee for every match arranged under my roof. If I had done this I should have been able to retire long ago. Why, a single one of my guests, a London lady, found desirable husbands for every one of her seven daughters here. Talk about a clever match maker! I never saw one to compare with Mrs. H——. She would have made a fine diplomatist. Every year she brought one of her daughters—only one at a time; and very nice, sensible girls they were, too—not pretty, exactly, but just the sort to make good wives It was a treat to watch the way in which she manoeuvred to catch an eligible partner for each in turn—no undesirables had a chance of speaking to her girl: how she won the young man's heart by her motherly interest in him, how delicately she sung her daughter's praises to him, planned little parties, excursions, and so on. She managed things so cleverly that every season for seven years she left B—— with another son-in-law in prospect; and every marriage, I have good reason to know, has turned out splendidly.

Another of my lady guests was not equally successful. She was a widow with a rather unattractive elderly daughter who had "missed fire" for many a year—certainly not through her mother's fault. She had had many a nibble, I know, but all her fish escaped until last year, when a middle-aged curate took the bait and was landed. As a matter of fact, he was more attracted by the mother than the daughter; but the former, whose experience of matrimony did not encourage a second venture, succeeded in transferring his affections, such as they were, to her "dear girl."

But one of the very best match makers I have come across was an old maiden lady who had had a love disappointment as a girl, and seemed to find her chief pleasure in securing for others the happiness that had been denied to her. Whenever there were two likely young people among her fellow guests she invariably set to work to bring them together and make a match of it. And her success was simply wonderful.

In her quiet way she found out as much as possible of the man and the maid, discovered what they had in common, praised each to the other, and by arousing mutual interest and curiosity generally had them on good terms within a few days. Then, like a sensible woman, she left matters largely to take their own course, content with seeing that the young people were left as much as possible in each other's company. And, sure enough, before they parted they were almost invariably pledged for life. Not long ago this dear little lady confessed to me that she had brought about scores of marriages "and I believe they have all proved very happy, my dear," she said with a beautiful smile.

But seaside match makers are of all sorts. They range, in my experience, from a crusted old bachelor, who always insisted on providing the wedding ring, to brothers. A brother, indeed, has the best chances of helping his sisters to husbands, for he can so easily get to know suitable young men to introduce to them, and if he is at all tactful and clever the rest will often follow.

But a girl who is a true daughter of Eve needs no outside assistance in catching a husband. After all, there is no match maker to compare with a pair of lovely eyes, a dimple or two, a graceful figure—yes, I see you know the whole catalogue of Cupid's weapons—and these play sad havoc with men's hearts by the seaside, I can assure you.

I know one charming girl, a little golden-haired fairy, with a pair of the merriest, most bewitching blue eyes you ever saw, who could pick up as many husbands in a week an would serve for several lives. I shouldn't like to say how many proposals she has had while she has been my guest; but to one and all she turned a cold, if pretty, shoulder. "I prefer shrimps to husbands, at least just yet awhile," she said to me once with a merry laugh—and I am sure she does.

On the other hand, for she is quite the exception, I know another young lady who always leaves me with a fresh fiance. As regularly as clockwork she comes to B—— heart-free, and leaves it engaged. "It's such fun," she once said to me. I should like to know, though, what her victims think of it and of her.—Tit-Bits.

ST. BERNARD DOGS STILL BUSY.

Travellers Even in These Days Lost in Snows of the Alps.

While the everlasting hills stand the self-devotion of the St. Bernard monks will find an object and till storms shall cease their four footed companions will find a vocation. Dogs and men in this case are worthy of each other and are true comrades.

About a dozen of the dogs are always kept at the hospice. A recent visitor describing what he saw there gives a delightful sketch of one splendid creature whom he watched. The dog was coming back through the snow after a fruitless search for lost travellers. Evidently he was very tired and much cast down in mind as he ploughed his way through the snow, a good deal embarrassed by the little cask strapped to his neck.

The visitor wading knee deep through the snow followed the dog around to the kennels, toward which he plodded slowly and wearily. Here the other dogs crowded eagerly around him, exactly like human beings, anxious to hear the news. But he had nothing to tell, and with drooping head he went and lay down heavily in a corner to pant. It was dinner time and a monk came in with the meal. The other dogs yelped with delight; they were hungry and ate heartily, but the dog who had just come in lay still and only flopped his tail once or twice against the floor.

The monk tried to tempt him to eat, but in vain. "He is disappointed because he has found nobody. He will get over it by and by," said he. Poor, grand old dog! It was not his fault that there was nobody to be saved that day. He had done his best, and now tired out and mortified by the want of success he refused to eat.

That the work is necessary to-day is owing to the fact that hundreds of poor Italians travel on foot yearly by this the shortest route back to their own country that they may winter in their warm native climate. Many of them lose their way owing to the sudden and violent snowstorms which are of almost daily occurrence on the bare, bleak slopes of the Alps, and were it not for the brave dogs sent out to rescue them, would never wake up from the deadly snow slumber into which they fall.

The Grand St. Bernard is one of the most desolate spots that the mind can conceive. Wild, rocky, bare, it seems too desolate for living things to inhabit. Yet here a handful of devoted men live cheerfully, giving up everything, health, pleasure, family ties, all that men hold dear, that they may save others from perishing.—Our Animal Brothers.

CAMP ON A NEW YORK ROOF.

Uptown Doctor Builds $400 Retreat on Top of His House.

There is a good deal of talk nowadays about the value of plenty of fresh air in sleeping rooms. Dr. Addison W. Baird tells in the Survey about a roof camp that he has built on the top of his New York dwelling. Here he sleeps, and here he finds rest in the open air is quieter and deeper than indoors.

"One may be sleepy when the alarm sounds in the morning, but rises refreshed and invigorated," he says. "In fact this urban open air life has a number of pleasant features. There is a sense of remoteness of being away from the noise and movement of the city.

"Looking out over the roofs the scene is often one of great beauty. The electric light streaming upward on the tall buildings of the neighborhood is very striking, and further on can be seen the Palisades with their brilliant arc lights and the dark river beneath. In the winter time moonlight glistening on the surrounding snowclad roofs forms a very attractive picture.

"This roof house is twelve feet square and consists of a steel framework covered in with fireproof materials to comply with the building code. Across the front extends a series of doors, so that this whole side can be thrown open.

"The wall are double and the interspace has openings top and bottom, thus providing free circulation of air, and the roof also is double, with ventilation through a small cupola. The effect of this cellular construction is to prevent the apartment from becoming overheated when the sun's rays play upon it throughout the long summer days. The whole cost was less than $400."

Near Hamburg, Germany, a patch of dwarf birch trees is closely guarded at Government expense as a rare survivor of post-glacial flora.

The Great, Wide World.

An old dweller in the hills of Arkansas who had lived all his life in one township recently took a trip to Little Rock, forty miles away, and was full of his subject on his return.

"'Y jing!" said he, in voicing his impressions, "if this hyar world's as big crossways as hit is f'm hyar to Little Rock hit's shore a whopper!"—Success Magazine.

THE CHARM OF THE WILDERNESS

How the Books of Fenimore Cooper and Mayne Reid Stand in Our Literature.

Many of the books written by Fenimore Cooper and Mayne Reid are concerned with the life of the red man, and of the paleface who came into direct contact with him. The Leather Stocking Tales are among the most enchanting a boy or girl can read. Their hero, Natty Bumpo, is a man as gentle, simple, brave and modest as was ever put into the pages of a book. From the first moment, when, young and sturdy, he comes into our view, not yet recognized for the mighty hunter and marvelous marksman whose fame should be known to all the border people, to the last, when, far from the forests he loved, he slips beyond it, we love him as we love a dear and intimate friend. And though Cooper is said to have made mistakes in regard to the life and character of the Indian, we need not bother too much about them; for he gave us the true spirit of the real border type in its finest expression, and he drew for us picture after picture of the hardship and the charm of the wilderness life. What is more, he told us the tragedy of the passing of the Indian with a sympathy that makes it as touching to us today as ever it was to the Indian brave and his white scout friend in the long ago. "The Last of the Mohicans," possibly the best of the series, is not only intensely interesting, but it is beautiful. Such parts of it as are not the best slip out of the mind; but its true and lovely scenes and emotions remain forever.

Mayne Reid was quite a different kind of writer from Cooper. He wrote real boys' stories with boys for heroes, and he laid his scenes in any of the wild parts of the globe, be in Africa, South America or our own West. Our friend the Old Hunter liked best his stories of the West and used to read them quite as eagerly as did any of us. He knew the life, and he found that the stories depicted it truly, for the captain was also familiar with the Rockies and the prairies. The writers who have come after Capt. Reid are not so good as he was. The stories he wrote were simpler and had in them a distinct quality of the life out there, which he knew and understood, and the boys, with the old trappers and Indians who are associated with them, are very natural and likable.

Reid was not, like Cooper, writing of a past or dying condition, but of a living present, full of the fun and excitement of the new and the young. It is a pity not to read these books while you are young yourself. Having so read them, the crackle of a camp fire, the gallop of horses' feet across the fields, the mere glimpse of an Indian or a cowboy, will be enough to take you right back into that world, which will always be yours because of the pages you read in winter evenings, or up in the boughs of an apple tree in May, or rocking in a rowboat of summer afternoons. The life in each of us that has been handed down from who knows what wild ancestors, finds delight in these and kindred books, and we certainly don't want to miss its joy and beauty. If we have ever ridden hot on a trail with one of the Boy Hunters, or paddled a silent canoe up a forest stream with the careful eyes of Leather Stocking searching the dangerous dark for us, then we possess for all time something of the wilderness, a green branch as it were, that cannot wither.

Spring is at hand, and with the spring the old, roving, gypsy strain wakes up and draws us along by its wild music, just as the Pied Piper is supposed to have bewitched all the little children into following him when he played on his pipes. We long for the boundless West, but we have to be content with such fields and woods as are at hand. But, fortunately, there is nothing to stop our imagination from taking part in all the great adventures of pioneer days, and though there are some disadvantages in this method, it is yet the best that remains to most of us, and it cannot be denied that it also has its advantages, such, for example, as the surety of having supper when we get home, and of keeping our scalps on our heads, matters not always to be expected in those days we love to read about.—From Hildegarde Hawthorne's "Books ond Readings" in St. Nicholas.

A Frozen Earthquake.

On the night of January 21st some of the residents of Lake Avenue, Chicago, were alarmed by what seemed to be a long-continuing earthquake, which jarred tables, shook curtains, and moved pictures on walls. It was found that these startling effects had been produced by the pounding of the waves on the shore of the lake where the ice had suddenly gone out, thus permitting the impact of the waves to come direct against the frozen soil. In that condition the ground was rendered more elastic and the force of the blows was transmitted to a considerable distance from the shore.

The smoke from the bowl of one's pipe is blue because, coming direct from the red-hot tobacco, it is very highly oxidized, but the smoke from one's lips is gray, because it is highly watered and hydrocarbonized.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS

O's for operatic Olivia,
Who visits her aunt in Bolivia.
She can sing to high C—
But between you and me,
They don't care for that in Bolivia.
—Isabel F. Bellows, in the Christian Register.

WORTH TRYING.

"They say that music pleases the cows. Makes them give more milk."

"Well?"

"I wonder if literature wouldn't interest the hens? I think I'll read mine the market report."—Washington Herald.

AN EXPENSIVE TASTE.

"Why do you call yoursef the beggar plutocrat?" asked the man inside the door.

"Because I never ask for anything but cold meat," explained the one outside, swaggering away.—Buffalo Express.

POOR MEMORY.

"She made a horrible break at Green's dinner party the other night."

"What was it?"

"Called the hostess by her first husband's name."—Detroit Free Press.

SERVING TIME.

"No man can serve two masters," said the priest to one of his parishioners.

"I know that, yer Riverence. Me brother tried it, and now he's doing time for bigamy."—Everybody's Magazine.

THE KINDERGARTEN METHOD.

"That's right," said the teacher encouragingly to the very small boy who was laboriously learning his A. B C's. "Now, what comes after G?"

"Whiz."—Everybody's Magazine.

CAUSE OF THE RUSH.

"Sad, sad, to see humanity ever engaged in a mad rush for wealth."

"Forget it. Them fellers is on their way to the ball park."—Detroit News.

FOIBLES OF THE RICH.

"My oldest daughter is frivolous. Goes in for soup kitchens, orphan asylums and the like. But my youngest daughter is of a more serious turn of mind."

"So?"

"Yes; that girl is evidently going to play a first-class game of bridge."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HIRING HELP.

"What salary do you want?"

"Oh, fifty a week."

"I judge I'd better frame my question differently. What salary do you expect?"—Louisville Courier Journal.

A CLASSY PACKAGE.

"Sorry, but I can't deliver this bologna sausage."

"I don't care to carry it."

"Why not? By tying the ends together I can make it look like an auto tire."—Louisville Courier Journal.

WOULD BE FINE.

"The fabled centaurs would be very useful these days."

"As to how?"

"Think of having a combination coachman and horse."—Louisville-Courier Journal.

INNOCENT HENRY.

Diner (to waiter)—"How's the Mumm, Henry?"

Waiter—Mother's better, sir, thank you, sir."—Boston Transcript.

SUITABLE MATERIAL.

Sapleigh—Chawming girl, Miss Sweet. Do you know, from the way she looked at me, I weally believe she was twying to make an impression.

Miss Keen—I should n't wonder. People generally select something soft for that purpose.—Boston Transcript.

OUR BOYS.

Irate Father—Look at young Brown. He saved money at college. What did you save

Son—I saved my brains, sir.—Boston Transcript.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Mrs. Heck—Your carpets are so fresh and bright looking. What do you use to clean them?

Mrs. Peck—My husband.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

The Old Lady (to the porter, who has been struggling with many packages)—Very sorry, but I have no small change—so would you mind accepting a postage-stamp? — The Sketch.

AT IT A LONG TIME.

Genial Hostess (having complimented young Briton on his dancing, to fascinating foreigner)—But you dance most beautifully, Count.

Count—Oh, but I am dancing ever since I was a little child.

Young Briton—Won't you sit down?—Bystander.

Coal was first used as an illuminant in 1826.

IN WOMAN'S REALM.

Spring's Saraband.

Over the hills of April
With soft winds hand in hand,
Impassionate and dreamy-eyed,
Spring leads her saraband.
Her garments float and gather
And swirl along the plain,
Her headgear is the golden sun,
Her cloak the silver rain.

With color and with music,
With perfumes and with pomp,
By meadowland and upland,
By pasture, wood, and swamp,
With promise and enchantment
Leading her mystic mime,
She comes to lure the world anew
With lore as old as time.

Quick lifts the marshy chorus
To transport, trill on trill;
There's not a rod of stony ground
Unanswering on the hill.
The brooks and little rivers
Dance down their wild ravines,
And children in the city squares
Keep time, to tambourines.

The bluebird in the orchard
Is lyrical for her,
The starling with his meadow pipe
Sets all the wood astir,
The hooded white spring-beauties
Are curtsying in the breeze,
The blue hepaticas are out
Under the chestnut trees.

The maple buds make glamour,
Viburnum waves its bloom,
The jonquils and the daffodils
Are risen from the tomb.
Satiety and treadmill
Have lost their wintry mold;
The commonplace seems paradise
Through veils of greening gold

O heart, hear thou the summons,
Put every grief away,
When all the motley masques of earth
Are glad upon a day.
Alack, that any mortal
Should less than gladness bring
Into the choral joy that sounds
The saraband of Spring!

—Bliss Carman in Collier's Weekly.

Women and Domestic Animals.

In the average happy human family, the mother's rights are protected. Such women do not need to appeal to courts of law on their own behalf because they already have privileges more than the law would grant them.

Because this is true there are many people in all classes of society who belittle the subject of woman's wrongs or rights. They believe that woman is already a favored individual and that she has no wrongs of which to complain.

But we cannot judge the position of woman by a superficial view of the more fortunate woman. Just as the test of one's physical health is the condition of the weakest organ, so the test of woman's social right is the status of the weakest woman.

Turning to the laws of California to see how the personal liberty of women is protected we find:

Penal Code, Sec. 266a. Every person who, within this state takes any female person against her will and without her consent, or with her consent procured by fraudulent inducement of misrepresentations, for the purpose of prostitution, is punishable by imprisonment in the state prison not exceeding five years, and a fine not exceeding $1000.

One must notice that there is no minimum penalty. The offender may be found guilty and get a sentence of only $1 and one day. By section 489 of the same code we find:

Grand larceny is punishable by imprisonment in the state prison for not less than one nor more than ten years.

And section 487 of the same code includes among other thing in grand larcency the stealing of a horse, mare, cow, steer, calf or mule. For the stealing of these animals the offender can get no less than one year imprisonment, and may get as high as ten years. A maximum penalty of five years for stealing a woman and ten years for stealing a mule or a calf! Obviously, not a very high valuation by California legislators of the women of their own nation and race.

When it comes to daughters of a neighboring race the disparity in values is greater and even more favorable to the domestic animals; for by Sec. 266c the penalty for selling a Japanese or Chinese girl is a fine of not less than $1000 or more than $5000, or imprisonment in the county jail not less than six or more than twelve months. Here the Legislature has reduced the offense of stealing a defenseless human being to a misdemeanor, punished only by a jail commitment, while the stealing of a calf is carefully kept a felony and punished by a penitentiary sentence.

Nor is it of laws alone that women need complain. For these laws, weak and meager though they are for the defense of womanhood, are seldom enforced.

The very sections above quoted are almost a dead letter on the statute books, and the crimes of white slavery and prostitution which they were designed to combat flourish. And the victims, to the shame of the civilization of today, are the young, the ignorant, the helpless. They are orphan girls and the daughters of poor widows and of exploited workingmen. The greater part of them are under the age of 18. Amos G. Warner (in his book, American Charities) says that among the girls who are victims of evil institutions are the feeble-minded and those bordering on feeble-mindedness.

Every one who has investigated this evil, however different their points of view, is agreed that those things do not exist and could not exist except by the protection of the police and politicians of the cities. S. S. McClure said recently that "90 per cent. of the women leading an evil life are held in subjection by men who are helped by the police of our cities." And The Philanthropist in a recent issue said: "With the local courts the politician is all-powerful. He protects his own, the surveyors of vice, and the latter furnish the votes by which the machine is kept in power."—Agnes H. Downing in The Progressive Woman.

Essentials and Non-Essentials.

There is in our land a certain mother, a descendant of that great and virtuous family of the Washingtons of Mount Vernon, who had thirteen children, each one of whom turned out healthy, happy, brave and useful—to say nothing of being handsome into the bargain. People were always looking on in wide eyed amazement, wondering how the miracle was performed. To see that mother, and to hear her talk, would lead one to believe that the simplest and most natural thing on earth was to have thirteen splendid children. A neighbor, passing the house one day, heard such peals of laughter that she went in to see what the fun was. She found that the maid, in bringing in the breakfast on a large tray, had stubbed her toe and sent the tray flying, breaking all the best china and spreading the food all over the rug, to the detriment of both. But the maid and the family and the guests were all convulsed. If that mother had been a fluent and articulate soul she would have said that good humor was more important than good china or good rugs, and that laughter was as wholesome as breakfast. As it was, she just led the laughter and said, "It is all right." That is a valuable outlook upon life for a mother of thirteen.

She was, indeed, a living example to all who saw her, of the inestimable advantage of knowing essentials from non-essentials. When someone asked her how she managed to keep all those children clothed and mended, she said: "I don't try; it is not so important; I try to have them clean twice a day and to see that they have warm enough clothes, that's all." When a very beautiful young daughter took to wearing her hair in a most unbecoming fashion, the mother smilingly commented, "I am so glad she wears it like that; nobody can possibly tell her she's pretty while she does that." It was not in the least essential to her that she should have a remarkably beautiful daughter, but it was essential to her that she should not have a vain one. She was a mother with an unerring instinct for eternal values, and as she always did the right that she knew, her vision constantly grew clearer, and she lived in a realm of righteousness closed to most of us.. But she was what Zarathustra would call an "arrow," a spur to right thinking, and none who saw her but will know and hand on a little of her profound feeling for proportionate values.—Harper's Bazar.

A Woman's Work at 91.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who will be 91 years old on May 27 next, has just taken the initial steps in a movement, backed by the New England Women's club, to induce women to study applied economics, with especial relation to the increased cost of living. This undertaking by a woman who, almost a half century ago, won enduring fame by giving to the world the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," will command more serious attention and more universal respect than the present superficial investigation by the Senate committee headed by Senator Lodge.

Mrs. Howe's hope is that, with an intelligent study of the subject outlined, fewer women will be found with no knowledge of finance or business, and who are unable to cope with the ordinary affairs of life. It can not be denied that the great majority of women, despite their advancement and attainments along nearly every other line, are not so generally informed in the details of ordinary business as they wish to be, or as they should be.

Much of the business of the present day is done on credit. Mrs. Howe believes women should understand credit as applied to business methods and how far the credit system is responsible for the high cost of living. Women admit that they are not expert in these matters. They too often are forced to plead ignorance and defer to the gallantry or honesty of the more thoroughly trained man, often a competitor, when the time for a decision arrives. But not all men are either gallant or honest.

What nobler work could any woman undertake in behalf of those of her sex than this great task assumed by Mrs. Howe? She does not realize that age has handicapped or limited her mental power or her faculty for organization. It would seem that in endeavoring to teach one lesson this wonderful woman is, in fact, teaching two.—Woman's National Daily.

Does Matrimony Change the Voice?

"You can tell people who are married by the way they speak to each other."

This was the point made by a well known dramatic critic at an informal gathering of a theatrical association recently when the subject of debate was: "Does the stage mirror domestic life?"

"The art of love-making on the stage," said the critic, "is a highly developed art, and reflects the lovers of real life almost exactly. George Alexander, Sir Charles Wyndham and Donald Brian are all perfect exponents of love-making in their respective styles.

"But I have never seen actors or actresses who could in any way catch the peculiar intonation of the voice which marks the conversations of married couples, be they young, old, or middle-aged.

"It must be apparent to any one who studies or observes the people he mixes amongst that a wife, in addressing her husband, invariably alters the tone of her voice, giving it a note or air of intimacy or proprietorship, just as a husband does when he addresses his wife. This peculiar change of voice our best actors and actresses fail to reproduce on the stage, even though they happen to be married themselves.

"At a stage garden party or dinner party the stage wife addresses her stage husband in exactly the same tone of voice as that in which she speaks to the guests. This is never so in real life.

"Even among brothers and sisters something of this peculiar note of intimacy is to be detected. Between strangers such a note would seem almost casual, slighting or off-hand, but the relationships existing makes it a domestic note, a sort of home tone, which is difficult to describe and, apparently, impossible to imitate.

"While this is so, the stage can never hope to mirror domestic life. I have seen many, many stage scenes which were meant to reflect the home life, but I have never seen a convincing one, chiefly because husbands and wives, brothers and sisters talk to each other in a way that no one outside the domestic circle can imitate.

"The accents of love, passion, anger, revolt, remorse, tragedy and despair are all capable of reproduction on the stage, but the simple, familiar home conversation defeats our ablest actors and actresses.

"Now that Donald Brian is married, it will be interesting to watch whether his domestic experiences will, in any way, change his methods on the stage.

"Other married actors have failed to reproduce the 'married voice' on the stage, and the probability is that Mr. Brian will not profit by his matrimonial experience in that respect, either.

"The same thing applies to actresses. No matter how often they have been married, they are never able to give the correct 'married tone' on the stage."

The Busy World's Heart Side.

A man by the name of Farrington built the Brooklyn bridge. His name is forgotten, except it lives in the traditions of the engineer's office as a faithful, fearless, and able master mechanic. He did his work well. He was the first mortal that ever crossed, swung in a bo'sun's chair, on a small hawser, from the top of the Brooklyn tower. He was well paid, but not extravagantly, and left no great fortune.

His ashes sleep in a Dutchess county rural cemetery, and when a modest funeral train started from the Poughkeepsie depot for his burial it mustered scarce a handful. Yet this was the man who took from Chief Engineer Roebling's sick chamber the entire bridge, on paper, piece by piece, and hung it in its place. This was the man who, with Roebling, spent thirty-six hours down among the burning timbers of the caisson beneath the granite of the Brooklyn tower and finally extinguished the fire. The experience cost Roebling his health for years. But Farrington was iron.

And Farrington's motto was "Keep cool." He would never waste an ounce of energy with "nervousness." Yet he was finely strung, a man of poetic temperament, and active sensibilities. He used to exhort his friends to keep cool. He did not say "Look on the bright side," or "it will clear off tomorrow." He said, "Just don't throw away your strength getting into a flutter. Work away and if there is a hole through you will find it."

Farrington was building the Niagara bridge and, one day, walking its naked beams, high over the angry river, he caught his toe under a rope lashing and pitched forward. As he fell he stretched out this right arm, swung by it, recovered his footing and saved his life.

In describing the experience he said: "Keeping cool did it. And afterward I was not depressed. Regaining my footing, I went on out to the place where my construction gang was at work, as if nothing had happened."

Perhaps such coolness is constitutional. But it can be cultivated. It can be taught to the growing boy and girl, and thus become a habit. It certainly works wonders in a crisis. In ordinary, everyday affairs it enables a man to do his best. Nerves were intended to give energy and courage, not to run away with us like crazy horses with broken harness. The calm, self possession that refused to allow an evening business telegrame of trouble to keep one awake, the repose of mind that overtops a panic as a mountain rises above the fog banks in a valley, the serenity of mind that clearly sees the blessings that remain when a solitary calamity smites heavily, there is no greater good in life. To such a man there is always fair weather.

Among the millions that daily cross the Brooklyn bridge few there are who would not find it helpful to remember E. S. Farrington, who hung each wire, and whose personal motto was "Always keep cool."—The Optimist, in Exchange.

Children and the Home.

The family man or woman will tell you with emphasis that a home is not complete if children are not running about, just as the spinster or bachelor will affirm that children, viewed in the most favorable light, are little less than a nuisance, and cost a tremendous amount of money.

Of course, it does cost a lot of money to bring up children, and your ordinary mother is a person very much restricted and tied to the house. She may not; nay, cannot, have anything like the liberty, after a family begins to appear, which she enjoyed prior to the advent of little ones. Her worries, too, are legion, and her anxieties innumerable, what with sickness and many other kindred evils.

It is something more than a joke to bring up a fairly large family from childhood to maturity, and the strain is very great; but one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that woman is on earth for a definite purpose, and, in view of that fact, all the worries, troubles and anxieties connected with children are viewed by your average mother with a very tolerant eye.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt about the fact that a child or two about the home refines a man and woman, and keeps them purer than they would ever be were the children not there. Thus, language is moderated in their presence, temper is kept in check by the thoughtful father or mother when a little one is looking on, and this moderating of language and keeping the temper in check develops into habit in due course.

In an all-around way, therefore, a child in the home makes for its betterment and improvement.

And, moreover, children teach one the value of patience. A parent is much more tolerant after the advent of a little one, than he or she was prior to its arrival. One learns to be calm and collected if one is among children. Somehow, they soothe in a marvelous way. A chubby little hand stroking one's cheek has a peculiar effect, and it is only the parent who knows what it exactly means—it cannot be explained in print.

Then, undoubtedly, great pleasure comes with the knowledge that you have children of your own. There they are, fine, healthy youngsters, who make a lot of noise, and keep on tormenting you all the time; but they are yours, and you are responsible for their young lives.

And the knowledge which comes of responsibility, after children are in the home, has a chastening effect so far as the right-thinking parent is concerned.

It is true that the childless couple can jaunt about, visit this place, that place, and the next, and in a way enjoy themselves as they could not if they had been blessed with one or two children; but it almost goes without saying that they would enjoy each other's company all the more if that eternal bond of love existed between them which binds the man and woman together after a child enters into their life. The couples who have no children pity those who have, and speak vaguely of the worries and troubles that must be their lot. They never think of the other side, about which they know nothing.

And the couples who have children speak in pity of those who have no young ones to liven up the home of an evening with shouts and laughter.

It may be that a child on occasion proves a thorn in the parental flesh. Here and there is to be found the lad whose parents wish he had never been born, but, happily, such cases are extremely rare; the great majority of boys and girls, too, prove blessings to parents.

And assuredly, it is nice to have a family around one, if only for the prospective pleasure of seeing little ones playing round one's knee in old age—one's grandchildren.

Perhaps there is no other way in which children prove such a blessing as in age, when happy little ones are always popping out and in to ask how grandma and grandpa are keeping today.

The childless couple, when aged, know nothing of this. True, they may have plenty of young ones popping in to see them, but that extraordinary thing, the close blood bond, is lacking, and the young ones can never be the same to them as grandchildren are to the others. —M. Wyckoff, in Detroit News Tribune.

Hyde's New Hobby.

James Hazen Hyde, the most fashionable American in Paris, whose hosiery matched his shirts and whose ties harmonize with his hose, has discovered a new school of painting. It is an absolute reaction from realism. The principle is to produce the greatest effect with the smallest amount of paint. On some parts of the canvas there is said to be no paint whatever. The most succesful exponent of this economical school is Mme. Corras, who hails from the town of Mentone in the south of France. Her pictures are all marine, many of them painted at night, in which the sea is shown striving after the moon. Hyde has been seen hovering around the exhibition rooms where these paintings are on view every day, and hundreds of models and young society girls flock to this exhibit to study the moon marines and Hyde's sartorial symphonies.

Church Bell in a Tree.

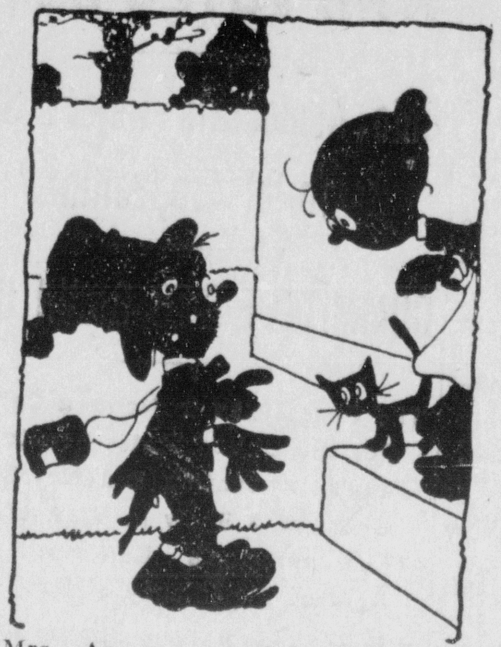
A singular belfry is to be seen in the churchyard of St. Leonard's at the village of Woore, Shropshire. During the hurricane of a few weeks ago the belfry of the church was so damaged as to necessitate its reconstruction and in the meantime the parishioners are summoned to worship by the ringing of a single bell securely adjusted in the forks of an ash tree growing within the precincts of the church.—London Evening Standard.

Clubwoman's Hotel.

The New York City Federation of Women's clubs supports a hotel for young women, prices ranging from $3.50 to $4.50 a week. The hotel is an old-fashioned house, and will accommodate fifty girls. The object is to furnish the best food and lodging possible for the amount of money paid, but the girls do not in any way feel that they are objects of charity, as the experiment has been a paying one to the clubwomen.

FUNNYGRAPHS.

Almost the Same.



Mrs.—Are you married, poor man?"

Weary—No'm, but I been caught in nearly a dozen railroad wrecks an' things like dat.

The Annual Garden Statement.

WORTH of garden seeds;
10 days of good hard toil.
1 mammoth pile of noxious weeds;
1 sq. rod of good soil.
1 hoe,
1 spade,
1 rake,
best grade;
1 baby harrow.
2 days of hire;
7 yds. chick wire;
1 large wheelbarrow.

Subtract what you would have to pay
For vegetables you raised
From the total of the cost
And you will be amazed.
Not counting all the work you've done,
The aches and pains you caught,
Like every other year before,
The saving will be o.

—D. C. Shafer, in Smart Set.

Real Push.

He had motored over twenty miles to Little Pippleton to deliver his lecture to the Little Pippletonians on "The Art of Getting On."

As he proceeded with his subject, he warmed to it, and by the time he reached the peroration he was red with enthusiasm.

"Effort is the keystone of success," he cried. "The successful man is the man who strives persistently and consistently. His motto is 'Push, and keep on pushing,' for by that alone may we reach our goal. Push——"

A yokel in the back row burst into a fit of unseemly mirth.

"Ah!" cried the lecturer. "You may laugh! But you, too, my friend, will have to push——"

"So'll you, I reckon, mister," cackled the man. "For there's 'arf a dozen boys been an' pinched all yer petrol for ter light a bonfire with!"—Answers.

Man's Perennial Discontent.

The great truth that there is no such thing as real contentment in this old vale of tears is illustrated again by the fact that, just as soon as a man attains his ambition of being able to go out without his overcoat, he begins to pine to go without his vest.—Ohio State Journal.

An Utter Failure.

"That man couldn't make a success of anything."

"What makes you say that?"

"Why, he actually made a failure of a butcher shop."—Detroit Free Press.

Londonese.

Coster—'Ere, wot abaht it?

Hawker—Wot abaht wot?

Coster—Wot abaht wot yer said abaht me?

Hawker—Well, wot abaht it? (And so on.)—Punch.

Not Satisfactory.

The judge stared hard at the accused man.

"You are charged," he said, "with robbing a limburger cheese factory. Have you anything to say?"

"Judge," the prisoner hoarsely replied, "I was driven to it by hunger."

The Odd Corners.

Dentist—Good morning, Mr. Giles, and how do you like the false teeth?

Giles—Well, zur, they fit a bit tight under the ears.—The Sketch.

Isn't She the Cynical Thing!

Mrs. A.—Do you ever read the jokes in the newspapers?

Mrs. B.—Only the jokes on the men—the marriage notices, you know.—Boston Transcript.

A New Art Firm.

"The reredos of the altar is composed of seven gilt panels of Fra and Jellico's angels."—Ludlow Advertiser. This well known firm makes a specialty of angels. Fra's is supposed to be the inspiring brain, and Jellico does the rest.—Punch.

Serving Time.

"No man can serve two masters," said the priest to on of his parishioners.

"I know that, yer riverence. Me brother tried it, and now he's doing time for bigamy."—Everybody's Magazine.

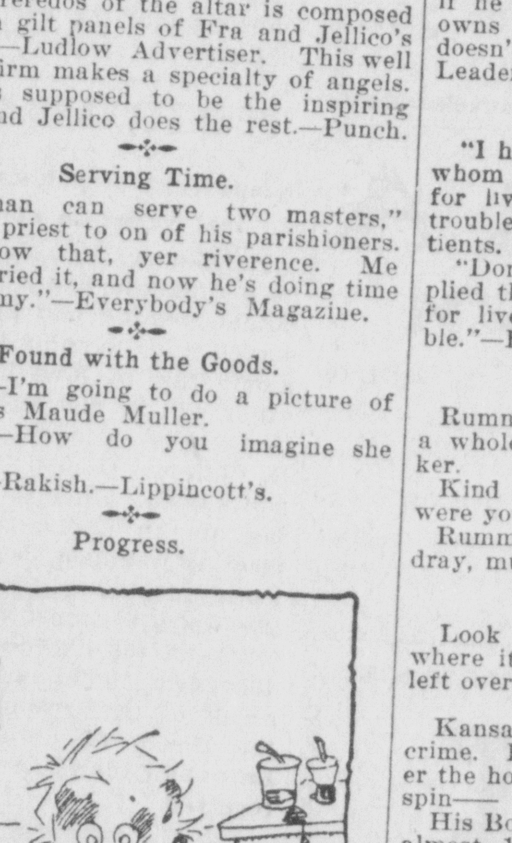
Found with the Goods.

Artist—I'm going to do a picture of Whittier's Maude Muller.

Friend—How do you imagine she looked?

Artist—Rakish.—Lippincott's.

Progress.



"Aha! I've got one egg dyed anyway."

A Guilty Conscience.

"That view is rather unscientific," said Dr. Simon Flexner, the head of the Rockefeller institute. "It reminds me of Hopkinson, who was wont to observe Lent very rigorously. But on a certain fast day, after three hours of golf, Hopkinson couldn't resist a luncheon of chops. And as he munched his chops, a violent storm came up suddenly; a blue light filled the room, and then a terrific clap of thunder shook the building.

'Hopkinson, pale and shaky, laid down his knife and fork.

"'What a fuss," he muttered, 'over a mutton chop!'"

Didn't Follow Directions.

"Buttin seems rather sore on you, old man."

"Yes, he annoyed me yesterday and I told him to go and take a back seat."

"And he took affront, eh?"—Boston Transcript.

Alphabetical.

A capital golfer was G.
He drove from a capital T,
And the words he let fall
When addressing the ball,
All began with a capital D!

—Life.

Terrors of Abstinence.

The fact that an Ohio man died from the bite of a camel but goes to prove that things which can go without a drink are dangerous to have around one.—Jackson Ledger.

His Best Word.

"Now that we're all through, dear," said the dear little bride, "I want to tell you a great secret. I prepared all this dinner myself! What do you think of it?"

"Well, dear," replied the brute, "the grape fruit were fine."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

When the Good Man Dieth.

Murphy—Poor O'Reilly is dead. And a good old soul he was.

Casey—Yis, and a thoughtful wan, too. Shure, before he died he called all his creditors to him and told thim where they could borrow enough to cover what he owed thim.—Brooklyn Life.

The Force of Habit.

First Policeman—What did the suffragette say when you were arresting her?

Second Policeman—Said something about "presenting her compliments and regretting that she had made a previous engagement."—Harper's Bazar.

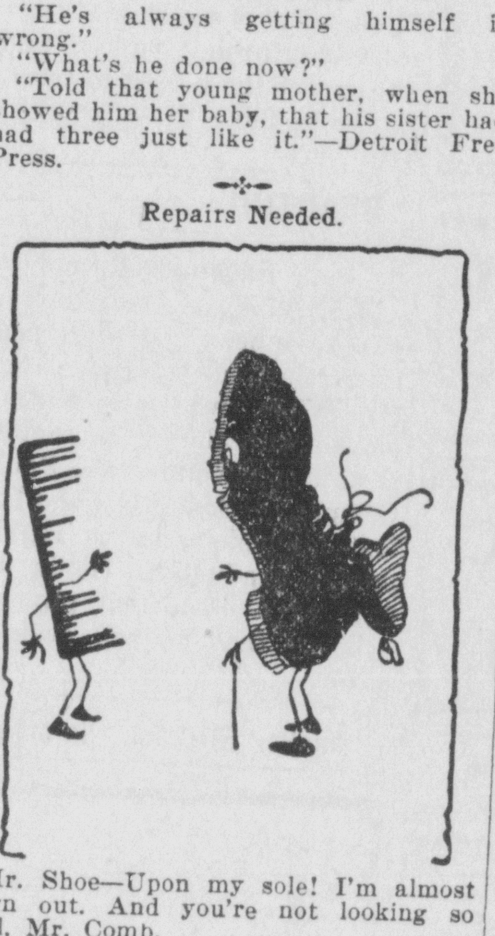
Masculine Tact.

"He's always getting himself in wrong."

"What's he done now?"

"Told that young mother, when she showed him her baby, that his sister had had three just like it."—Detroit Free Press.

Repairs Needed.



Mr. Shoe—Upon my sole! I'm almost worn out. And you're not looking so well, Mr. Comb.

Mr. Comb—No; I'm on my way to the dentist right now.

Strictly Prohibited.

Some Washingtonians went out to Hyattsville, Md., to a wedding.

"Jim," said one of the Washingtonians to the aged negro butler who was fussing around, "can't you get us some confetti?"

"What's dat?" asked Jim.

"Can't you get us some confetti?"

"No, suh, I cain't boss; I suah cain't. This yere's bin a dry town for more'n a year, an' they ain't a drap in de house."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Anecdote.

Man told us this yesterday. We never heard it before, but we don't know whether it's original, so we won't stand for it. Merely repeat it:

"How can you tell a Yale man from a Harvard man?"

"Well, a Yale man always acts as if he owned the world."

"Yes?"

"And a Harvard man always acts as if he doesn't know what vulgar person owns the world, and, furthermore, he doesn't care to know."—Cleveland Leader.

A Sure Shot at Livers.

"I hear, doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.

"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."—Everybody's Magazine.

Literal.

Rummy Robinson—Yes, mum; once for a whole year I turned me back on likker.

Kind Lady—Ah, my noble man, what were you doing at the time?

Rummy Robinson—Driving a brewer's dray, mum.—Tit-Bits.

The Silver Lining.

Look on the bright side. With meat where it is, there isn't going to be any left over for hash.—Atchison Globe.

* * *

Kansas Farmer—My son, laziness is a crime. It begets fith and dirt. Consider the hog. He toils not, neither does he spin——

His Boy—Right, pop. But he is worth almost 10 cents on the hoof.—Kansas City Journal.

* * *

Mrs. Nibbs—Oh, Benjamin, as you pass the Stores, will you order me two pounds of butter, one pound of sausages, and a gallon of kerosene?

Mr. Nibbs—All those greasy things are bound to slip my memory!—London Opinion.

* * *

In a school playground during the recent campaign a youthful politician was heard addressing a friend thus: "You see, if we give Ireland home rule, Germany will want it next."—London Daily News.

* * *

"The junior partner wants to see you right away," announced the bookkeeper. "I guess it's the bounce for yours."

"Nix," responded the office boy. "He only wants to find out what new players have been signed."—Washington Herald.

* * *

Him—Are you fond of "La Boheme?"

Her—I don't know. It depends altogether what kind of dressing you put on it.—Cleveland Leader.

SOME ROYAL HOBBIES.

King Edward as a Collector—Queen Alexandra's Books.

The King, as everybody knows, has a weakness for walking sticks, but another collection in his majesty's possession will have a unique interest in the future.

This consists of relics gathered together from every war in which British soldiers have fought since the early days of Queen Victoria. The King has also a quaint assortment of the programmes of every opera, play and concert which he has attended since he came to years of discretion One would imagine this to be a bulky collection.

Queen Alexandra collects many things —lace, china, crystals and tiny objects made in precious and semi-precious stones; but her greatest treasure is a collection of books, most of which came to her by inheritance. When Princess of Wales she received the Mitchell bequest, that took the form of a choice collection of books valued at £10,000.

And afterward the late Sir William Fraser bequeathed to her majesty a splendid collection of books, papers and pictures which dealt with the subject of women's dress during the last century. The Queen has also a vast number of volumes of modern literature.—Woman at Home.

Carnegie, Lifesaver.

Work on the new sanatorium for tuberculosis patients at Cresson, on top of the Allegeny mountains, for which Andrew Carnegie donated 600 acres of land, is progressing. At present the ground is being cleared, and when this is accomplished work will commence on the buildings. These will be of hard sandstone, found on the place, and asbestos shingles. The principal building will be a general hospital for tuberculosis patients, divided into incipient and advanced stages, and so arranged that it can be used as a state hospital should a cure for tuberculosis be found. State Health Commissioner Dixon hopes to see the hospital occupied by next fall. When completed it will accommodate 260 patients, who will come mostly from the western part of the state.—Philadelphia Record.

A Quaker's Modest Price.

Sir John William Ramsden, who recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, is a wealthy man, who was prominine in public life, and who has recently written a good deal against the proposed revision of the land laws in England. He owns about 150,000 acres of land in England, including the entire town of Huddersfield, with the exception of one house.

A story is told about the one house he does not own in Huddersfield. One of his ancestors was most anxious to buy it, and he offered the owner, a Quaker, to cover the entire ground with golden sovereigns in exchange for it.

"I'll do it," said the Quaker, "provided that the coins be placed on end."

So the transfer has never been made. —London Chronicle.

Valuable Royal Etching.

King Haakon of Norway has presented to the Copenhagen museum a pane of glass bearing a collection of imperial and royal autographs. The pane was taken from the Danish royal train, and the series of autographs were started by the Czar Alexander III., who scratched his name on the window with his diamond ring. His example was followed by the present Czar, the late King Christian, King Edward, Queen Alexandra, King Haakon, King George of Greece and Queen Victoria of Spain. The present Czar's signature is "Nicky," his pet name among the royal family of Denmark, to which, as is well known, a great number of English kings and queens belong.

Ice as Fuel.

A cake of ice at 32 degrees Fahrenheit is ordinarily considered to be rather a cold substance, but it is as much hotter than liquid air as the oven in which bread is baked is hotter than the ice. A teakettle partly filled with liquid air and placed on a cake of ice receives so much heat from the ice that the liquid air soon boils vigorously, and the boiling can be made more violent by adding a few lumps of ice. If the normal temperature of the earth were at the freezing point of air and we could obtain a block of ice such as is distributed by the iceman of today such ice could be used as fuel and would be put into the furnaces instead of coal.—Popular Mechanics.

The Victor-Clementine Wedding.

The marriage of Prince Victor Napoleon—imperialistic pretender to the French throne—and the Princess Clementine of Belgium (youngest daughter of the late King Leopold) will take place in September, and not in August, as has been reported. Contrary to other rumors, the marriage will not take place at Farnborough, but at Brussels. The present King is entirely favorable to the union, and both the prince and princess are much liked by the Brussels people. Princess Clementine is about to leave on a visit to her sister, the Princess Stephanie (Countess Lonyay) in Hungary.

The Biggest Man in Parliament.

The tallest member of the new Parliament will probably be found to be Douglas B. Hall, the Unionist representative for the Isle of Wight, who is no less than 6 feet 5 inches in height. He is run very close, however, by Sir Randolf Baker, the new Unionist for North Dorset, who is ½ inch shorter. Sir Owen Phillips, the Liberal member for Pembroke, is one of three brothers—Lord St. Davids is among the number—whose average height is 6 feet 4¾ inches.—Bailey's Magazine.

Valuable Old Bond.

A few days ago Baron Neupauer went to the Gratz Discount bank in order to sell an 1864 state lottery bond. On glancing at the number of the bond, the bank official recognized it as one that three years ago had won the first prize of 600,000 kronen.—Neue Freie Presse.

Civilization in Honduras.

Consul Samuel MacClintock of Puerto Cortes says: "The carrying of weapons is very common here upon all occasions, and the assertion is made that fully three-fourts of the men of Honduras have revolvers of some kind or other."—Weekly Consular and Trade Reports.

Much Proved.

At last a man has been killed in a French duel. This proves accidents will happen in the best-regulated affairs of honor—that tradition sometimes will be interrupted by circumstances, and that the French code of honor is still that of the dark ages.—Los Angeles Herald.

Household Angels.

For a good, everyday, household angel, give us a woman who laughs. We are not all born with sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try.—Family Doctor.

The Poor Henpecked Worm.

The Hen—Get hout, yer miserable, crawlin' little worm! If yer was 'arf a man yer'd come an' turn the mangle for your poor slavin' wife.

The Worm—No, Sarah, I may be a worm, but I ain't one wot turns!"—Sidney Bulletin.

LET HER RIP.

Boys will be boys and accidents will happen. We are the doctors for such cases and will do the repairing in the most skillful manner. We will Press, Clean and Color YOUR Clothes as well. One door east Traction Station. Phone 468.

D. DiMATTEO

Did Not Use It

Your grandmother's mother did not use talcum powder. In her day it was unknown. She used instead an ounce of starch and pennyroyal, and got along some how good. The starch bag, however, was a starter for talcum, and each year sees it grow bigger, better and more indispensable. We have an ample supply of the best brands.

Cox Pharmacy Co.

Phone 100. Keep the Wire Hot.

STAR BAKERY

Wholesale Bread, Buns and Rolls.
Picnic orders filled in any quantity.
Phone 466 and 355.
Bakery Corner South and East Streets

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Veterinary Surgeon
111 W. Third St., SEYMOUR.
Phones—New 643 and 644, Old 97 and 80.

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I am prepared to do first class repairing on all kinds of watches, including split second, repeators and chronographs. Your work will be examined free. Repair prices reasonable.

T. R. Haley's Jewelry Store
No. 10 E. Second St. Seymour, Ind.

JACOB SPEAR JOHN HAGEL
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BUILDING and REPAIRING
New work---hard wood floors a specialty
SPEAR & HAGEL
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When you want to go to the depot or about town. Prompt service. Phone 651.

Henry F. Cordes

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Every man to see our samples for Tailored Made Suits. We have some new imported pattenrs which are unusually attractive.

Ladies' and Gent's clothes cleaned and made to look like new. All work guaranteed.

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Abstractor and Real Estate
Money to Loan at 5 Per Cent. on FarmLand

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Editors and Publishers.

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Six Months	2.50
Three Months	1.25
One Month	.45
One Week	.10

WEEKLY

One Year in Advance	$1.00

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1910

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Secretary of State—Otis E. Gulley, Danville.

Auditor of State—John E. Reed, Muncie.

Treasurer of State—Jonce Monyhan, Orleans.

Attorney General—Finley P. Mount, Crawfordsville.

State Geologist—W. S. Blatchley, Terre Haute.

State Statistican—J. L. Peetz, Kokomo.

Judge Supreme Court, Second District—Oscar H. Montgomery, Seymour.

Judge Supreme Court, Third District Robert M. Miller, Franklin.

Judges Appellate Court, First District—Cassius C. Hadley, Danville; Ward H. Watson, Charlestown.

Judges of the Appellate Court, Second District—Daniel W. Comstock, Richmond; Joseph M. Rabb, Williamsport; Harry B. Tuthill, Michigan City.

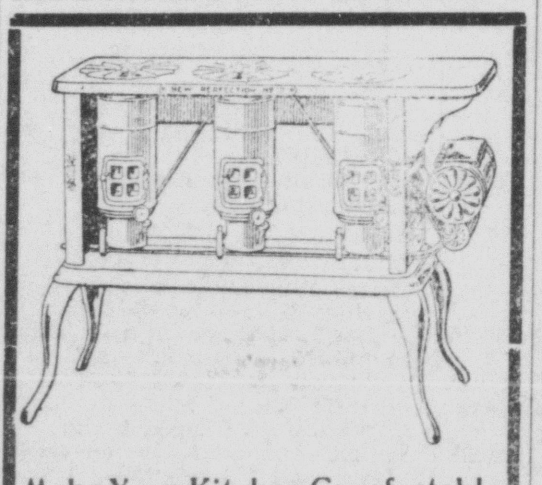
The citizens of Seymour who stand for law enforcement commend the city officials upon their effort to suppress the operation of illegal games in the city. The large majority of the people are strongly opposed to gambling in any form, and are ready to assist the officers in stopping this practice. Public officers are elected for the purpose of enforcing the laws and should not expect the people to take the initiative in filing the affidavits against evil doers.

BEAUTINE. j22d

Regaining Speech.

Hugh Wible and son, Paul, of Paoli, who have been here on a week's visit with relatives, returned home today. Mr. Wible, who was formerly employed with the spoke factory there, is now engineer for the Paoli Milling Company. Some time ago he entirely lost his voice, but is regaining his speech gradually. He is under the care of a competent physician who believes that he will eventually recover.

Smoke "El Como" 5c cigar. j23d



Make Your Kitchen Comfortable

By using the new Perfection Oil Stove. We have them in two sizes and three styles,—plain, with back, and with back and oven. These stoves deliver the heat where you want it. Can be lighted instantly and turned high, low or medium according to the amount of heat required. Call at our store and see them.

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Your future accurately revealed by the famous Egyptian Tarot. Mediumship developed. Egyptian Magic taught by the "Grand Grimore" and "Imperial Ritual." The only medium in America authorized to use these works. 302 East Second street.

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MARSHALL PLAN WAS VOTED DOWN

Ohio Democrats Reject Senatorial Proposition.

COMMITTEE SITS DOWN ON IT

The Proposition to Name a Candidate For the United States Senate in Today's Convention Did Not Stand a Ghost of a Show in View of Governor Harmon's Expressed Views Against Expediency of Such Action.

Dayton, O., June 22.—The Democratic state committee is made up of twenty-one members, one for each congressional district in the state. The Bryan-Tom Johnson contingent on the committee determined to force the fight to compel today's state convention to name a candidate for United States senator. This was in line with W. J. Bryan's open letter of May 26 to Governor Harmon after the Nebraskan had rehitched up with former Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland. Mayor Johnson was not well enough to come here. He sent word that he was busy attending to his liver. A number of Mr. Johnson's friends think that he has fought his last political fight. He was represented on the committee by Newton D. Baker, city solicitor of Cleveland, probably the ablest of Johnson's lieutenants and the possible successor of Johnson as leader of Cuyahoga county. The committee met at the Philips House and Mr. Baker, as Johnson's proxy, introduced a resolution amending the call of the convention incorporating the provision that the convention indorse a candidate for senator.

The Bryan-Johnson plan for senatorial indorsement was defeated by a vote of 14 to 6, with one member absent, James Ross of Columbus. The absent member has expressed himself favorably to the Harmon attitude and hence the absent member's vote can be counted among the nays, making the vote 15 to 6.

Governor Harmon, after extended conferences with delegates from nearly all the counties, expressed the opinion that the liquor question, which has vexed Ohio statesmen, Republicans and Democrats for more than a lifetime, should have no place in the platform to be adopted by the convention. Attlee Pomerne of Canton, temporary chairman of the convention, who may be the candidate for United States senator at Columbus next winter, did not in his speech to the convention mention the liquor question. Governor Harmon's friends insist that the township law and the Rose county local option law passed during his administration have effectually taken the liquor question out of Ohio state politics, and in this opinion most of the leading Republicans concur.

Governor Harmon, who was renominated by acclamation, in his speech of acceptance, spoke of state issues, alluded to alleged national extravagance on the part of the Republicans and attacked the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. Governor Harmon spoke but a few moments.

Chairman Pomerne's speech, although the weather was hotter than Tophet, was vigorously applauded by the 3,132 delegates and alternates, and the vast audience. All told the speech would fill a page of a newspaper. Its exceeding length was due, it was stated by Governor Harmon's friends, to the country-wide interest in the campaign in the president's state. Furthermore, it was a speech calculated in some features to dragnet the Brand Whitlocks, the Bryanites, the Tom Johnsons and the anti-Taft tariff Republicans of the state.

PENNSYLVANIANS REVOLT

Independent Republicans Serve Formal Notice on Boise Penrose.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 22.—Coming as a dramatic finale to a remarkable public meeting last night, notice was served upon Senator Penrose that the nomination of John K. Tener as governor will be met with the placing in the field of an independent ticket with D. Clarence Gibboney of Philadelphia as its head. Upon the eve of the holding of the Republican convention a meeting was held last night in the Majestic theater under the auspices of the Good Citizenship League of this city, and the decision to place an independent ticket in the field was the result of the enthusiasm with which the report of the secretary of the Law and Order Society of this city was received.

RENO REJOICES

Nevada Is Going to Get Big Fight, After All.

Reno, Nev., June 22.—The selection of Reno as the battleground for the big fight has created great excitement here. The governor says he will not interfere, so the battle is assured. The site of the battle will be one and a half miles from the heart of the town. It adjoins the Southern Pacific tracks and is close to the trolley line from Reno to Sparks.

Work on an open-air arena on the same plans as the one started in San Francisco has been begun. It will be finished by July 1.

ROBERT A. TAFT

Eldest Son of the President One of Today's Yale Graduates.

MILLION DOLLAR BLAZE

Spectacular Fire Attacks New York Water Front.

New York, June 22.—A fire that called out most of the land apparatus in Brooklyn and three fireboats swept through the plant of the Croos, Austin & Ireland Lumber company, Williamsburg, and along Newton creek so quickly that the entire plant, one of the largest here, was almost completely destroyed.

The flames jumped across the creek and then communicated to a number of vessels tied up in the vicinity before the fireboats got to work. A barkentine loaded with yellow pine, and two barges were destroyed. The loss including the lumber plant and the boats and their contents destroyed, was estimated at upward of $1,000,000.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Prevailing Current Prices For Grain and Livestock.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock.

Wheat—Wagon, 96c; No. 2 red, 98c. Corn—No. 2, 61c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 38c. Hay—Baled, $14.50 @ 16.50; timothy, $15.00@16.50; mixed, $12.50 @ 13.50. Cattle — $4.00 @ 8.25. Hogs—$7.50@9.70. Sheep—$2.50@4.75. Lambs—$6.00@7.50. Receipts—6,500 hogs; 1,650 cattle; 400 sheep.

At Cincinnati.

Wheat—No. 2 red, $1.08. Corn—No. 2, 62½c. Oats—No. 2, 39c. Cattle—$3.50@7.35. Hogs—$7.50@9.75. Sheep—$2.50@4.65. Lambs—$4.00@8.25.

At Chicago.

Wheat—No. 2 red, $1.03. Corn—No. 2, 60c. Oats—No. 2, 41c. Cattle—Steers, $5.00@8.75; stockers and feeders, $4.00@6.50. Hogs—$5.50@9.70. Sheep—$3.40@5.50. Lambs—$5.25 @ 7.50.

At St. Louis.

Wheat—No. 2 red, $1.01. Corn—No. 2, 66c. Oats—No. 2, 36c. Cattle—Steers, $6.75@8.25. Hogs—$6.75@9.75. Sheep—$4.60 @ 5.75. Lambs—$7.50@ 9.50.

At East Buffalo.

Cattle—$4.25@8.50. Hogs—$6.00@ 10.20. Sheep—$4.00@5.25. Lambs—$7.00@8.00.

A Few Picks From Our Wonder Sale Just to Keep Things Moving

Standard Indigo Blue Prints	4½c yd.
Fast Color Lawns	3½c yd.
Heavy Unbleached Muslin	5c yd.
Best Bleached Muslin	7½c yd.
Good Apron Gingham	5c yd.
Wash Goods, all new designs,	9c yd.
Guaranteed Silk Petticoats, black and colors,	$2.95
Linen Finish Skirts	95c
Lawn Dressing Sacques	14c
Fast Black Seamless Hose	8c
Ladies' Tape Neck Sleeve Vests, 2 for	25c

BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

GOLD MINE DEPT. STORE

We Close at 6 p. m. Except Mondays and Saturdays.

KOFFEE

Brown and golden liquid hue,
Aroma scented, what's the cue?
Each grain shows that a careful hand
Prepares the Black Cross Coffee Brand.

BLACK CROSS
COFEEE

BRAND'S
GROCERY

COOK WITH GAS

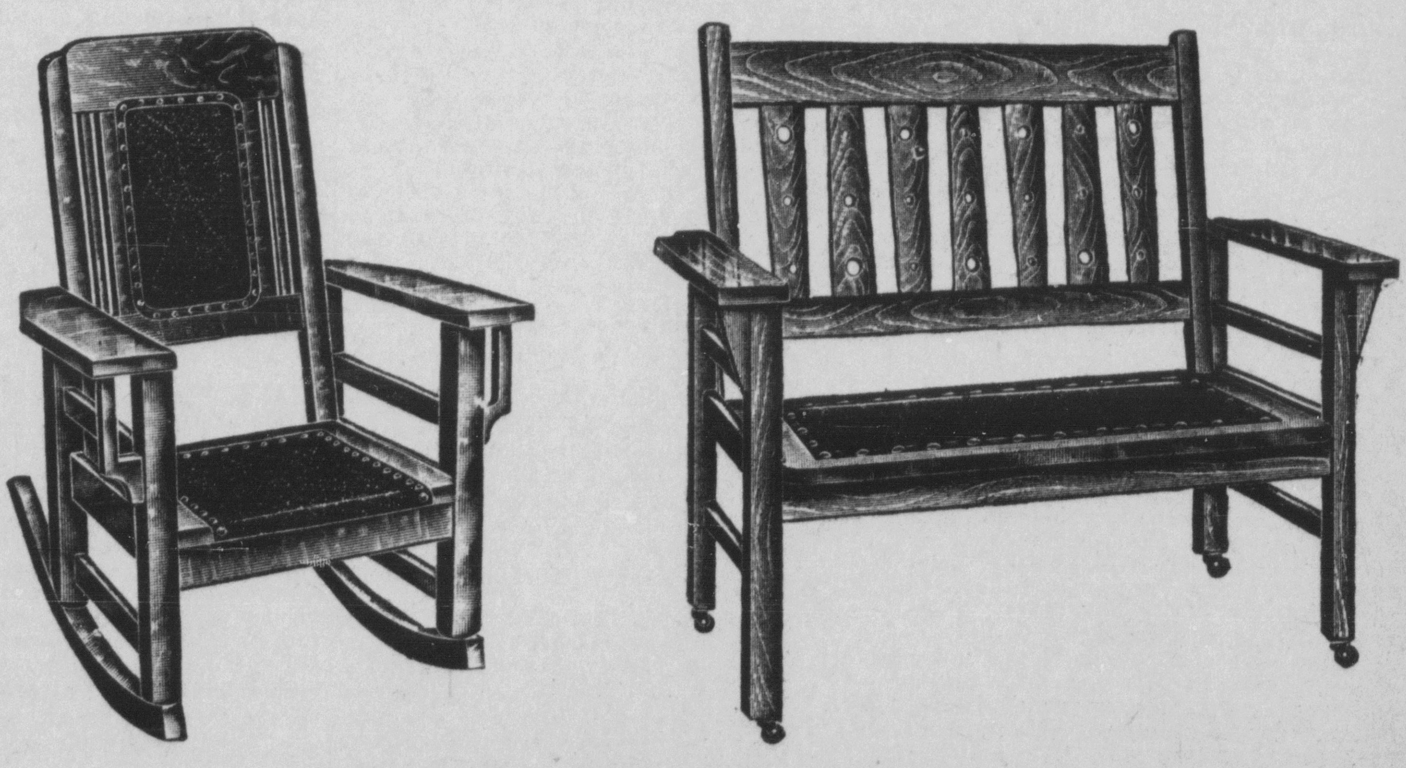
There never was a divorce between a woman and a GAS RANGE. There never will be. Don't let the heat regulate you. You regulate the heat when you Use a Gas Range.

Seymour Gas and Electric Light Co.
15 South Chestnut Street

100 Porch Rockers and Settees

Our Own Make—Same as Cut

Golden and Early English Finish Settee worth $7.50, Now $4.50. Rockers worth $5.00, now $2.15.

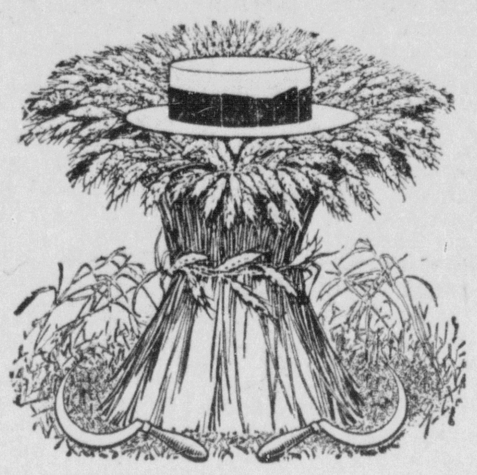


Guaranteed to be Made of Best Material
It Will Pay You to See Our Window at Once
TRY TO GET BESS

THE VOSS FURNITURE STORE

Straw Hats

The Straw Hat Season is Here—So is the BEST LINE Ever Shown in Seymour.



We have all our better Hats made to order so they fit the head as comfortable as a Felt Hat, and do not have that disagreeable feeling most Straw Hats have.

Sailor Styles $1 to $3.50

Nobby Soft Dip Fronts $1 to $5

Panamas $4 to $7

THE HUB

SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY

WALL PAPER AT T. R. CARTER'S

Don't Worry

About A Scarcity of Fruit

The Model Grocery

Is Agent for the

Famous Richelieu Canned Fruits and Vegetables

Phone 28 **C. E. ABEL** Phone 28

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Buhner's Animal Fertilizer is a natural plant food and does not burn your crops. It will build humus in your soil. Humus will hold moisture. Acid fertilizer will sour your land and drive the humus out of the soil and burn your crops.

FEED OF ALL KINDS.

Full line of feed and meal, Graham flour, buckwheat flour, rye flour. Will exchange wheat and corn for flour or meal. Deliver to all parts of city

G. H. ANDERSON.

INTERURBAN LUNCH ROOM.

Short orders a specialty. Fresh fish and good coffee. Coca-Cola, Ice Cream and Soda. Fruit and Candy of all kinds.

HAIR DRESSING

Coronet Braids, Corona Pads, shampooing, massaging, manicuring, hot and cold water baths, with or without attendant. Also a big sale of hats now going on.

MRE. E. M. YOUNG.

We give this written guarantee with every Queen City Ring: "This is to certifiy that ring stamped Q-C purchased of T. M. Jackson is guaranteed to be solid gold and we guarantee to replace any sets free of charge except diamonds if lost in two years from date of sale.

ICE AT H. F. WHITE PHONE NO. 1

LUMBER AND PLANING MILL.

Manufacturers of high grade mill work, veneered doors and interior finish. Dealers in Lumber Shingles, Lath Sash, Doors and Blinds. Established in 1855. The Travis Carter Co. Phone 74.

REYNOLDS' GROCERY.

Carson's Poultry Tonic and Pratt's Poultry Food for sale here. Staple and fancy groceries. Canned goods a specialty. Fruits and vegetables in season.

W. H. REYNOLDS.

LOST—Shorthand dictionary; Hazel Spurgeon's name inside. Return to business college. Reward.

MEN WANTED.—Bedford Steel Compang, Bedford, Indiana.
j27d&w

FOR RENT—Seven-room house on North Broadway, opposite city park. Phone 204. tf

FOR RENT.—Four room cottage in Laugel's addition. Inquire here.
j23d

Postmaster C. V. Weddell, of Medora, came up to Seymour on business Monday afternoon.

Silver Plated Ware

Knives, Forks, Spoons, Soup Ladels, Butter Knives, Sugar Shells, Berry Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Salid Forks. A Large Variety of All Kinds at the Lowest Prices.

J. S. Laupus,

Chestnut Street. The Jeweler.

PERSONAL.

Chas. W. Burkhart was at Brownstown today.

Willard New was in this city Tuesday evening.

Dr. A. May was here from Crothersville this morning.

Miss Bertelle, the vocalist, was here from Louisville today.

Henry Prince was here from Brownstown this morning.

William Hustedt was a passenger to Brownstown this morning.

J. C. Trembly, of Columbus, was in this city Tuesday evening.

J. G. L. Lutes came over from Houston today on business.

George W. Owen, of Medora, was in this city Tuesday evening.

H. Sitterding, of Brownstown, was in this city Tuesday evening.

E. E. Gudgel, of North Vernon, was in this city Tuesday evening.

Capt. Ralph Applewhite came up from Brownstown this afternoon.

Chas. Hardwick, of Indian Springs, was in this city Tuesday evening.

Floyd Deputy, of Jennings county, was in the city Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Nettie Courtney, of Sparksville, was in this city Tuesday evening.

Mrs. A. E. Snyder and little son, of Brownstown, went to Ft. Wayne this morning.

Miss Helen Harris, of Sedalia, Mo., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams.

Chester Tobroke was here from Waymansville Tuesday afternoon on business.

Miss Emma Ross has returned from Terre Haute where she attended the State Normal.

James Keach and son, Ben, of Brownstown, were here this morning in their automobile.

Mrs. Carrie Farrell is here from Greenwood, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Zelma Leas.

Mr. and Mrs. Mel Boone have returned home from a month's visit in Hartshorn, Okla.

William Surrenkamp, a prominent farmer of near Sauers, transacted business here today.

Thomas M. Honan is attending the commencement exercises at Indiana University at Bloomington.

Mrs. Mary Honan, Mrs. William Willman and son, Honan, visited with friends at Columbus Tuesday.

Mrs. Kelsa Bottorff went to Brownstown this morning to attend the Epworth League convention.

Alf Cox was here from Crothersville this morning and went to Brownstown in Mr. Keach's automobile.

Mrs. J. F. Tunley, of West Fifth street, went to Brownstown this morning to attend the Epworth League convention.

Ed Neyhaus, of the Seymour Hide & Leather Company, went to Louisville to remain till Sunday on a short vacation.

F. A. Bauchens, assistant general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania lines, was in the city this morning on business.

Miss Adelaide Love has returned home after a visit of several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Everett Frazier, of Birmingham, Ala.

Mrs. John R. Gebhart and family and Mrs. Rosa Gebhart went to New Albany yesterday on a visit with relatives and friends.

Miss Josephine Weathers, of Indianapolis, came down this morning and went to Brownstown to attend the funeral of a relative.

Mrs. Ewing Shields and daughter and Mrs. W. A. Wylie went to Brownstown early this morning to attend the Epworth League convention.

Mrs. J. F. Curry and daughter, Miss Ellen, are visiting friends in Chillicothe, Ohio. Miss Curry will attend a fraternity convention at Cincinnati while away.

Mrs. E. B. Coolman and Mrs. J. J. Murray are here from New Albany, the guests of Mrs. Coolman's son, James F. Coolman, and family, of North Ewing street.

Rev. Hayden H. Allen, Ed Gault, Harry McColgin, E. L. Hancock and J. T. Jones attended the meeting of the Epworth League at Brownstown Tuesday evening.

Miss Blanche Beldon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Beldon, came up from Crothersville this morning and went to Brownstown on a visit with relatives and friends.

William Vande Walle came down from Cincinnati Tuesday to visit his brother, John Vande Walle, and other relatives. He will also visit at Little York before returning home.

Mrs. Maurice Burrell, who has been spending a few weeks with relatives and friends at Brownstown, returned this morning from a short trip to Sellersburg. She will leave Thursday evening for her home at New Castle, Pa.

Misses Pauline, Martha and Della Snyder and Philip W. Zabel and daughter, Miss Ettie, all of Brownstown, left for Chicago this morning for a few weeks' outing on Lake Michigan. They will probably visit Milwaukee and other places of interest while away.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect it.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a brick dust sediment, or settling, stringy or milky appearance often indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back are also symptoms that tell you the kidneys and bladder are out of order and need attention.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills almost every wish in correcting rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. Corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It stands the highest because of its remarkable health restoring properties. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

Home of Swamp-Root.

You may have a sample bottle sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Mention this paper and remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK
COPYRIGHT

BEAUTY and WISDOM both demand that care and attention to the teeth which insures a charm to one's face and good health to the body. Modern dental methods have attained a skill based on scientific principles that rivals the perfection of Nature. The success achieved by **DR. B. S. SHINNESS** in the treatment of impaired teeth guarantees a perfect mouth to all who will apply.

Seymour Temperatures.

The following are the maximum and minimum temperatures as shown by the government thermometers at the Seymour volunteer weather observation station and reported by J. Robt. Blair, observer. The figures are for twenty-four hours ending at noon:

	Max.	Min.
June 22, 1910,	95	64

BEAUTINE. j22d

Weather Indications.

Generall fair tonight and Thursday.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

LAST WEEK

Steinwedel's Anniversary Sale

Saturday is the last chance for you to buy clothing, hats and furnishings of highest character at prices that mean dollars saved for you.

$6 and $7 Children's Suits, age 8 to 16 years now - - -	$4.90
$5 Children's Suits, age 7 to 16 years now - - -	$3.90
$4 Children's Suits, age 5 to 15 years now - - - -	$3.10
$3.50 Children's Suits, age 4 to 15 years now - - - -	$2.50
$2.50 Children's Suits, age 4 to 16 years now - - -	$1.80
1 Special Lot Children's Suits, 6 to 14 years now - - -	$1.10
Men's $20.00 Suits marked down to - - - -	$16.00
Men's $15.00 Suits marked down to - - - -	$11.00
Men's $10.00 Suits marked down to - - - -	$6.00
Men's $8.00 Suits marked down to - - - -	$5.00
Boys' $15.00 Long Pants Suits down to - - - -	$9.00
Boys' $10.00 Long Pants Suits down to - - - -	$6.00
Boys' $8.00 Long Pants Suits down to - - - -	$4.50
Boys' $5.00 Long Pants Suits down to - - - -	$2.80

20 per cent. off on Men's and Boys' Trousers.

20 per cent. off on Men's and Boys' Soft and Stiff Hats.

50c Work Shirts reduced to 39c.

Come in and look over the Goods, we have lots of good bargains at prices that will astonish you.

A. STEINWEDEL CLOTHING CO.

Buy Your Shoes at Richart's

Now is the time to buy your Shoes for the Fourth of July. Get a nice pair of Oxfords and have them on hand for that occasion. If your feet are tender, come to us, we can please them all. You save money by buying your Shoes at

RICHARTS

OPPOSITE INTERURBAN STATION.

It's Straw Hat Time

We've every kind that's good, 25c to $3.00, or up through the Panamas to $3.75 and up to $6.00.

Don't believe there is another such a showing of choice Straws in the town.

THOMAS CLOTHING CO.

FOR SALE

New 4-room cottage, $800.00.
Modern 8-room house, $2,750.00.
House of 7 rooms 320 W. 2nd, $2,000.00.
A good business building paying 9 per cent. investment.
Other properties at bargain prices.

SEE **E. C. BOLLINGER.**

CONGDON & DURHAM,

Fire, Tornado, Liability, Accident and Sick Benefit

INSURANCE

Real Estate, Rental Agency

Prompt Attention to All Business

FIRE

Fire, Automobile and Travelers Baggage Insurance against loss in any manner. Over Postal Tel. Off.

E. W. BLISH

W. H. BURKLEY

REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE
and LOANS
SEYMOUR, INDIANA

ELMER E. DUNLAP,
ARCHITECT
824-828 State Life Bldg. INDIANAPOLIS. Branch Office: Columbus

WET LILACS.

Rain and rain! All day the rain;
And now the twilight, slow and still—
The April twilight—with a stain
O sunset color, slant the hill;
But out across the city street
She does not see the fevered throng,
Nor hear the fretful tramp of feet,
For memory sings a sweeter song;
And to her far-out seeing eyes,
A low brown house stands deep in trees;
And 'neath gray dripping skies
Wet lilacs—languid in the breeze—
Their purple plumes all drenched in rain,
And heavy with a moist perfume;
A haunting sweetness, half of pain,
Has gripped her heart across the gloom
Of twilight, deepening—still she sees
With willing eyes—a young girl stray
Adown the path beneath the trees,
And sees her pluck a lilac spray
From showering bushes, freshly green;
And thrills to joy she cannot speak,
Forgetting all the years between,
She holds it wet against her cheek.

—Grace G. Crowell, in Columbian Magazine.

THE IMPOSTOR.

A Christmas Story.

Sir John Draycott was the chief magistrate at one of the police courts in London.

It was a couple of lays before Christmas, and Sir John had given up his duties at Duke street with a glad heart.

One case he remembered with pleased interest as he settled himself in the first-class compartment of the train that was going to take him to Little Sunmore to spend the Christmas vacation. There had followed the usual little stir of a new prisoner taking the place of the other, and then Sir John had raised his eyes to see a tall, slim figure in the dock, looking at him with wide, distressed blue eyes.

"What is the charge?"

"Found wandering, sir, and sleeping out; refuses to give any information about 'erself, says 'er name's Draycott, sir!"

Sir John had looked at the white, piteous face with interest. It was a beautiful face, and there was an air of refinement and culture about it that held the mind speculating.

"Have you no relations?"

"None that want me," was the reply.

"But you can't wander about without money!"

"I have no money now; but please let me go, this place frightens me," had been the reply that had startled Sir John into a half smile of pity.

"If I let you go what will you do?" he had said. "I can't allow you to wander about the London streets alone."

"I will go into the country—only please let me go!" she said, and then Sir John bound her over to appear should she be called upon to do so and she had disappeared from the dock.

As the train bore him swiftly into the country, Sir John wondered what the girl with the blue eyes was doing.

* * * * *

"Last, but by no means least, of our merry throng!" Mr. MacDonald said heartily; "but we have a little surprise for you, my boy!"

Sir John glanced at his hostess' pleasant face with a laugh.

"Is this a joke to be played on an unprotected man?"

"You will see very soon," Mrs. MacDonald replied; "but you are not the only person who will be surprised!"

He moved into the middle of the room and Mrs. MacDonald went forward quickly.

"Now for your surprise!" Mrs. MacDonald laughed. "Maida, dear," she went on, turning to a girl, "you will be surprised to meet your cousin, Sir John Draycott, dear, and Sir John, I know, will be equally surprised to meet you!"

His cousin! Sir John turned with an exclamation, and as his eyes met those of the girl who stood staring at him silently, he felt that he was going mad, or that his hostess had gone mad some time ago, for the girl Mrs MacDonald introduced as his cousin was none other than the fair prisoner who had been before him in the dock only a few days since!

Then his heart hardened. This girl was a fraud—a common cheat.

"I was certainly surprised," he said slowly.

A flush stained the girl's delicate skin. She murmured something under her breath, and for a moment her hand rested in Sir John's.

Later he sought her in the drawing room.

"I want you to come and show me the old volumes in the library," he said.

She followed him obediently.

"Now," he began quietly, "I am anxious to know when the farce is to end and how you propose to end it."

"You know! You recognized me at once as I did you, and oh! the agony of it—the humiliation to feel that only pity and contempt prevented you from denouncing me. Why did you do it," she panted, "if you meant to make it worse for me afterwards?"

"Well, in the first place I was too surprised to do anything, and in the second I am rather inclined to prefer hearing the other side of a case before I sentence the culprit. I am interested."

"Yes, you are interested! You find me worth studying from a criminal point of view," she panted in a low, trembling voice; "you think of your point of view, not mine, the creature hunted by Fate and baffled by circumstances!"

"I must confess I want to know how you did it. In fact, I may as well add that—I must know!"

A look of fear stole into her eyes.

"Must?"

"Yes—as an elder cousin," he began.

"Don't taunt! I will tell you everything—then you may do what you like, have me arrested, tell where it was you first saw me—anything—only wait till Christmas is over. Don't send me out before then!"

"I won't do that," he answered gravely. "Whatever I do will be done after Christmas."

"When I left that place I had just a few shillings left. I went and sat down in the reading room of a free library, and read a newspaper. Then, as I turned over the pages of the paper, I read that a Mrs. MacDonald wanted a governess. I answered the advertisement in person, and Mrs. MacDonald seemed to take to me; she said I might stay on approval. Then they noticed my name and asked me if I was any relation to the magistrate, Sir John Draycott, and as I had no references to offer them, I—I—said——"

"That you were a cousin of mine!" he added.

"If I had known that you were Sir John Draycott, I would never have said it!" she exclaimed passionately, "but it seemed such a good reference; they were so pleased, and I knew they would keep me. They never said you were coming here, and now—now——"

She flung out her hands with a despairing gesture.

"You haven't told me what you were doing previous to your appearance in the dock?"

"That is my secret," she answered. "I am not in the dock now, Sir John!"

"What will you do? Where will you go?"

"You have made it your business to turn me out—it is mine where I go!"

* * * * *

The following morning was Christmas day. Sir John's rigid ideas of right and wrong seemed to have become almost elastic. After all, he had no right to take away from a girl her chances of earning an honest living. He would say nothing to Mrs. MacDonald.

But when he went downstairs he found his hostess almost in tears. She handed him a letter that she had been reading:

"Dear Mrs. MacDonald: Please forgive me for running away like this, but I find that I must go, and my only regret is that I must seem so ungrateful. Think as kindly of me as you can.

"MAIDA."

"It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. Have you her address, Sir John?"

He shook his head.

Sir John groaned. He had, by his heartless conduct, driven out on Christmas day a homeless girl, and if any tragedy happened to her it would be his fault.

"There is her box," Mrs. MacDonald said hesitatingly; "that might contain some letters that will help us."

They opened the box, but found nothing that would help. Sir John, feeling like a criminal, thrust his hand into the box and drew out a photograph. It was Maida. Sir John slipped it into his pocket.

"When I go to town I will try to trace her," he said, but more to excuse his action than anything else.

* * * * *

At the Easter vacation Sir John went to Paris for a few days, and the Fate that plays battledore and shuttlecock with our lives caused an accident to happen to the express that ran from Calais to Paris. Sir John was not hurt and he helped with the work of rescue that followed. One man particularly interested him. He was mortally injured and Sir John did his best to ease his last moments.

Presently the man opened his eyes.

"What's happened?" he muttered, speaking with a strong foreign accent.

"Collision—you are badly hurt, I am afraid."

"This is the end," the other went on. "My wife was English—she ran away from me—we quarreled—another woman—old story. Will you find her to tell her she is free—it will be only fair to her? In my pocketbook you will find all details—everything all right, and my wife's photograph—she is in England—I don't know where, but promise you will find her."

Half an hour later the man died, and with the help of the police Sir John went through the dead man's papers. They discovered that he was the Comte de Longueville.

"This might be a photograph of the countess, sir," the inspector said, holding out a photograph that he had found in the dead man's pocket. "It will help us to find her."

Sir John took the photograph, and then uttered an exclamation. He was looking again into the face of the girl who had crossed his life so strangely twice in the year.

He found her after three months. When she saw him she flushed hotly.

"What does this mean? Are you persecuting me still, Sir John? Why have you sought me out now?"

"I have sought you out now to bring you some news, countess!"

"Countess! Why do you call me that?"

"I know that you are the wife of the Comte de Longueville, and——"

"And he has sent you to take me back!" she interrupted passionately.

"Your husband is dead—he was killed in the train smash between Calais and Paris three months ago. Before he died he asked me to find his wife—to tell her that he was sorry!"

She turned to him quietly. "Will you go now, please? Thank you for coming, but—you understand—I want to be alone."

* * * * *

Christmas had come round again. Sir John Draycott was again going away for his week-end holiday, this time to the country house of Lady Leamington. He had hurried to the station and just had time to spring into a first-class carriage before the train started. The next moment he had uttered an exclamation of surprise.

Dressed in black, with rich sables, was the Comtesse de Longueville, and as their eyes met she flushed, then grew white, and after an awkward pause Sir John found himself chatting with her about commonplace incidents, while his pulses were throbbing with an ecstacy that was foreign to them.

The time sped by on wings; the Christmas gaieties helped to sever the bond of aloofness, and Lady Leamington, loving a romance, flung them together as much as she could.

The day before she returned to town Sir John sought the Comtesse de Longueville.

"This time last year," he began abruptly, "I asked you to come and talk to me. I want you to talk to me again. Will you?"

"Certainly," she replied lightly. "What shall we talk about?"

"Last year," he went on, "you claimed me as a cousin."

"You want to be my cousin?" she smiled.

He caught her hand. "No—not as my cousin—I want to claim you as—my wife. May I—Maida?"

As their eyes met, he drew her into his arms.

"The first day we met," she said slowly. "I was your prisoner, and you let me go—and——"

"Now you are my prisoner again—but the sentence of the court is 'Penal servitude for life!'"—Blanche Eardley in Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Competition for Monte Carlo.

British capitalists are taking steps to obtain the property now used as the German Sanatorium at Madeira in order to erect a casino "to compete with that at Monte Carlo."

COCOANUT BUTTER.

Manufacture of Product Will Be Begun Here and May Help Lower Cost of Living.

Over in the Hackensack meadows was launched an industry a few days ago which may prove one of the successful answers to luxuriant living at a lower cost, says the New York Herald. It is the manufacture of a product which purposes to relieve the strangle hold which butter and animal fats have upon the people in this country, by offering as a substitute is a pure edible fat made from the meat of nuts. In other words, and in brief, it is to be a merry war between the cow and the cocoanut for supremacy, a conflict of kingdoms, the vegetable versus animal—that is, of course, if the hopes of the company, exploiting the substitute in this country, materalize.

Since the day of the cave dwelling apartments with unopened plumbing, we in the northlands have been eating, for the most part, the flesh and fats of animals, while in the sun-kissed tropics the natives have been finding life one lazy, yawning, happy, healthful dream, ordering from a table d'hote menu of fruits and nuts.

Such is the opening argument they proffer. But, withal, a long line of it follows which, if proven to be true, is most pertinent at this acute stage of the high and "increasingly high" cost of living. The practical argument begins in the statement that more than five million more persons are subsisting on nuts, seeds and fruit in India, China, the islands of the sea and adjacent territory of the equator than in the meat eating zones of the world. Meat is a rare treat to them; they use fish as we eat meat—six times fish and one time meat—while our custom is just the reverse. Despite this fact they are as strong as their brothers of the north and equally healthful.

The nut butter, which is made principally from cocoanuts, has the appearance of lard and is tasteless and odorless. Some of the virtues claimed for it are that it is absolutely pure, where butter is adulterated with 15 per cent. water and salt; that it is easily assimilated or digested by the weakest stomach, and that it will be marketed at a price far below that of either butter or lard.

The process was discovered by a Frenchman fifteen years ago after numerous chemists had failed in an effort to manufacture preparations which would not become rancid when exposed to air and moisture. Following the discovery 30,000 pounds were made monthly, and it was sold, not as an imitation of an animal product, but on its own merits as a substitute. Now, it is said, the same firm is making and selling throughout France 20,000,000 pounds monthly. While it is an innovation in this country, European countries, particularly France, Germany, Russia, England and Belgium, are said to be consuming annually 400,000,000 pounds.

Robert P. Skinner, American consul general at Hamburg, recently reported that he has found that Germany is using daily 200,000 pounds of nut butter, sold under various proprietary names. It was from the firm in France, first in the field with a sterilized article, that an American firm obtained the process.

Butter made from milk will absorb almost any odor which comes in its wake, so delicate is it, but it is asserted for nut butter that it is far more delicate. In this respect, for instance, when preparing the nut butter for table use, from 30 to 50 per cent. butter is added, and the whole takes on the flavor of butter and serves the same purposes. But where butter and lard are used in cooking, the nut butter can be used as it is prepared. A slight percentage less is required in cooking recipes on account, it is said, of it not being adulterated, as is butter.

The first American factory opened with a producing capacity of 24,000 pounds a day. Most of this will be exported to England and the Philippines until the American people become educated to the use of it. Franklin G. Colby of 29 Broadway, who is at the head of the new enterprise, predicts big things for it and a complete revolution of the use of nutritious fats in America. He says:

"We are far behind Europe in this respect. Nothing in the food line has ever successfully attacked two such important food products as lard and butter. Undoubtedly it will attract the attention of the so-called beef trust. And as to the cow, well, we can always keep her busy supplying us with milk.

"The situation in this country sometimes appears critical. With an ever increasing population, we have a decreasing desire on the part of the people to take up farming. Then many other things are crowding that pursuit, reducing the supply from year to year, but always increasing the price of products.

"The field of supply from the cocoanut trees is unlimited, and could go on forever meeting the increasing demands. Now there are 20,000,000 cocoanut trees planted every year; if the demand justified that number could easily be increased. As the cow now reigns supreme in the animal kingdom, so does the cocoanut in the vegetable kingdom.

"With farmers and dairymen predicting that soon more than one-half of the people in this country will have to do without butter, I think a substitute which is adequate, healthful, cheaper, and proven popular in other countries, will be welcomed here."

The Universal Scrap Heap.

The Cunarder Umbria, which when she came from the builders twenty-five years ago was the largest ship afloat except the Great Eastern, and which was the most powerful and most palatial craft of her kind in the world at that time, has been sold to the junk dealer for the lump sum of one hundred thousand dollars, and will soon be broken up for scrap. It was hinted some time ago that the ship was soon to go out of existence in this way, but there was skepticism as to the report in some quarters, because of the Umbria's size and original value.

The conversion of the Umbria into scrap is evidence that warships are not the only craft of great cost that become obsolete in a comparatively short time. The naval architect has been progressing so rapidly during the past twenty-five years that ships have been made old while yet their sides showed no marks of wear, and while so far as landlubbers could see they were as serviceable as ship could be made. But the marine scrap heap is quite as important as the machinery scrap pile, and the progressive business man of the present is notorious for his contributions to scrap of machinery which cost large sums when it was purchased but which had been made obsolete by new inventions before it had worn any more than enough to make its operation smooth and frictionless. Scrap iron and steel constitutes, a large item of raw material, and it represents great value if the financial sacrifice involved in the discard is taken into account.

So the nations which are building warships must pay dearly for backwardness in the matter of construction and armament. Ships must be in advance of their time, if possible; and that is probably the reason why the great naval powers of Europe seem to be competing for the honor of producing the largest and most formidable fighting craft. They do not feel easy unless they have produced something of surpassing strength, speed and power. As was shown by the confession of Great Britain through her adoption of the plans of the American dreadnaughts, our designers have pushed some of her latest ships toward the scrap pile while their first paint still holds its gloss.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Maud Allan, the dancer, who has won note in Europe and New York, made a great hit at San Francisco, the city of her birth. Crowded houses applauded her so enthusiastically that at the end of her performance she nearly broke down. In a short speech she spoke of her happy girlhood days here and ended with this outburst: "Take me to your hearts! I know you have; but oh, keep me there!"

To allay the fears of many Chinese residents of San Francisco, who imagined the census enumeration was to be taken for the purposes of taxation, the Chinese consul general has placarded the dead walls of the Oriental quarters with a proclamation which sets forth that the census men are simply working to ascertain the correct population of the city and that they have nothing to do with imposing taxes or examining customs certificates.

The Sacramento valley is being settled more rapidly than any other part of California. Until ten years ago it was largely held in big ranches, and wheat and barley were the main crops. Now the ranches are being cut into 10 and 20 acres farms and planted to fruit. As this land, which will produce all kinds of fruit, is sold at an average of $75 an acre, colonists and homeseekers are quick to see its advantage.

P. J. von Loben Sels, one of the capitalists of California, permitted the San Francisco Savings Union to gain the right to foreclose a mortgage for $294,000 on 42,000 acres of the richest land in the Sacramento valley, on Union island. When it was too late he tried to redeem the land, but this week the courts decided against him. The land is worth fully twice the amount of the bank's claim.

April 30 has been established as Raisin day, and Fresno, Cal., the seat of the raisin industry, is making great plans to see that the raisin as an article of diet is extensively advertised. On this day hotels and restaurants throughout California will make Fresno raisins a feature of their bills of fare. Raisin bread is an article which has been received with great favor. Raisins in bread keep it from drying and add to its flavor.

The California lunacy commission's report shows that Los Angeles furnishes more insane patients than any other county in California. Last month forty-eight patients were sent from Los Angeles to state hospitals, against forty-five from San Francisco. Of sixty-three patients received at the Southern California Hospital for the Insane forty-eight came from Los Angeles.

Dr. Charles Carroll Stratton, who died in Portland, Ore., was well known in California as the head of the University of the Pacific, the big Methodist college at San Jose, for ten years, and afterward as president of Mills College for Women, across the bay from this city. His last years of active service were as chancellor of Williamette university, Portland.

The Lords and Primogeniture.

Thomas Jefferson did many good things for the United States, and one of the admirable achievements with which his name is associated is the abolition of the law of primogeniture. This country believes as Thomas Jefferson believed in the beneficence of democracy. The law of primogeniture fosters aristocracy. There would be rank inconsistency in a democratic establishment whose inheritance statutes favored the first-born.

The law of primogeniture is essentially characteristic of countries whose government is monarchial. It is an artificial, not a natural law; for even in countries where it prevails the necessity arises at times to overrule it. That was the case in Prussia, A. D. 1857, when the physical and mental inadequacy of Frederic William IV. became so apparent that his younger brother William was appointed deputy, a responsibility which was later enlarged to that of regent, and finally, by the death of Frederic, to that of King. Rumor has it that Alfonso, the eldest son of the King of Spain, is weak-minded, and that his younger brother, Don Jamie, will be appointed to supersede him as heir to the throne. But the argument against primogeniture may be overstated. It is probably overstated at the present time by English opponents of the rule of the House of Lords who go so far as to say that the first-born of a family is more likely than other children of the same marriage to be tuberculous, weak, stupid or vicious.

Jefferson did not go so far as this. Jefferson's contention was that, except for disqualifications due to lack of moral character, all the children of the family are equally entitled to share the family's wealth. In that he was absolutely right from the standpoint of democracy, and probably right from the broad standpoint of economics, which looks upon social conservation and progress as the chief aim of laws.

It would be easy to compile a list of eldest sons who have made bright marks in history, and equally easy to make a list of children later born who have achieved greatness outshining that of their elder brothers. Franklin was the fifteenth of his father's children. Washington was the first child of his father's second marriage, and Lincoln and Grant were their father's first sons.

It is quite likely that the House of Lords would be a stronger body if primogeniture were done away with and the most talented and ablest of each titled family instead of the eldest were to sit as its representative in the upper chamber of British legislators. But then there would arise the question as to who would make the selections. Perhaps the problem would be solved by a civil service examination. It is however not probable that the matter will receive more than academic discussion. Some other and simpler method of modifying the composition of the House of Lords is likely to prevail.

Policewoman for Sacramento.

The members of the Retail Merchants association are going to ask the city trustees to appoint a woman police officer, according to the announcement made recently, and her duty will be principally to enforce the anti-expectoration ordinance along the main business streets.

The plan is to dress the feminine "cop" in a neat blue uniform, with proper helmet and star, and have her call the attention of expectorators that they are violating the law as well as spreading the disease. The embarrassment thereby inflicted is deemed to be sufficient punishment to avoid a repetition of the offense. She will also be a valuable aid to women strangers coming into Sacramento.—Sacramento Times.

A Jar of Wealth.

While making repairs in an old and long unused building in Adelphi, O., William Baldwin found in the attic among dirt and cobwebs an old stone fruit jar. The first thing Baldwin pulled out was a $10 bill. Besides the bill the jar contained $50 in gold and $150 in silver.

FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS

Every new invention brings with it a train of unforeseen complications. An indication of the dire results that may follow from the general use of aeroplanes was seen in a Parisian park recently, where some children were playing with a miniature aeroplane. It was rising from the ground when a handsomely gowned woman was passing, and in its upward journey it attached itself to her hat. Naturally, the hat ascended, too, and took a trip skyward, landing a little while later with a neat splash in a puddle of mud. All the youngsters thought it a huge joke, and could not understand the solemn, if not wrathy, expression on the face of the hatless passerby. To her mind the joke was on the father of the airship owner, whom she sued for $25 to cover losses. He hasn't seen the joke yet.

Every woman, no matter what her station in life, has at least one tailored suit. As the piece de resistance of the wardrobe it can serve endless purposes and be disguised sufficiently in changes in the accompanying waists, neckwear, hats or furs not to become monotonous.

The regular mannish suit is, of course, always in favor. This year its distinguishing characteristics are short coats, fitting more or less closely, and long revers, reaching almost to the waistline.

The regulation Russian coat is not much in evidence, for the modern woman has become so attached to the straight line that she refuses to give in to the belted figure. But it has left its impress on the coats of the season. Hence the simulations of belts at front and back, leaving unbroken lines in panels under the arms.

As for the trimming on these spring suits, braiding and stitched bands are lavishly used. These bands are not only of the suit cloth, but of black silk or moire, matching collars and cuffs of the same material. Rat-tail braid is sewed in large scroll designs all over gowns, coats and skirts. Deep hems of it adorn the skirts, panels, corsages, cuffs and collars.

Charmeuse will probably take the place of the popular velvet of the winter, as it is graceful and clinging. But for dressier wear moires and satins will be "all the go." Lined with old world brocade and trimmed with braid, they are most effective, to say the least, and serviceable, too, since satins are so perfect now.

One of the most difficult things in laundering embroidered linen or heavy lace is to have the articles possess that golden mean between stiffness and limpness. A clever laundress uses neither starch nor borax, as many people do. Instead she dissolves a lump of sugar in the last rinsing water and then irons the articles while still damp. The amount of sugar can only be determined by practice, but usually an Irish lace collar and pair of cuffs will require about one lump of sugar in the rinsing water.

Here is a recipe for Lady Baltimore cake:

"Cream one cup of butter, using a wooden cake spoon, then add gradually, while beating constantly, two cups fine granulated sugar. When creamy add one cup milk alternately with three and a half cups of pastry flour mixed and sifted with two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Add one teaspoonful vanilla and the whites of six eggs beaten stiff and dry. Bake in three buttered and floured shallow square cake tins, and put between and on top the following: Three cups sugar, one cup water in saucepan, beat gradually to boiling and boil without stirring until sirup will thread. Pour sirup gradually on beaten whites of three eggs, beating constantly. Continue until right for spreading, then add one cup chopped, seeded raisins, one cup chopped pecan nut meats, five figs cut in thin strips. Crease frosting as soon as firm."

Very handsome for trimming hats or for adding dressy touches to a gown are the metallic ribbons. Ribbons in silver and gold and also in copper are to be had. These ribbons are usually woven with a strip of moire through the center as well as along the selvage.

A careful laundress says that she always uses a wooden spoon in preparing starch, and that she never makes her starch in a tin utensil. These precautions taken, there is no danger of rust spots appearing in clothes through the medium of the starch.

A good and simple method of healing and whitening chapped hands is the application of sweet almond oil and powdered magnesia or French chalk before retiring.

After washing and wiping the fingers thoroughly they should be soaked in warm almond oil for five minutes. The larger quantity of the oil is gently patted off, leaving an appreciable amount. The hands are then dipped into the white powder and later large gloves are drawn on.

This method repeated nightly for a week will cure obstinate cases of chapping. Glycerine and rose water should be used throughout the day after washing the hands when they chap easily.

With all its trials the wedding ring is bright, for hand washing suits it, there being no better treatment than soap and water for either plain gold or silver jewelry, unless it be much tarnished. Warm water, a little soapy lather and a soft brush for articles of intricate workmanship, with a brisk rub at finish on tissue paper, are the recipe for brooches, chains and bangles.

Considering its simplicity it seems a pity that many women appear contented to wear chains and necklaces so dirty that they not only soil white and light gowns, but the flesh itself.

For cleaning all pieces of jewelry, after repairs or otherwise, fine boxwood sawdust is ordinarily employed. To use this the trinket is shaken in it, care being taken that it is well embedded in the soft dust. A final polishing is administered with tissue paper, not chamois leather—the latter being usually reserved for watch cases, chased smelling bottles, stoppers and what may be called large surfaces.—Woman's Life.

Large and ornate are the new desk sets for women and men. For the latter they are elaborately executed and of bright materials that a few years ago would have been considered unsuitable.

A combination of metals, or metal and glass, is the characteristic of these new designs. One beautiful desk equipment for a library seen recently was of green shaded glass overset with a filagree of brass so fine it looks like gold. Most of the work is done by hand, and so the cost is considerable.

Rarely does one see a small set for what was known a few years ago as a "lady's" desk. "Writing" and kidney shaped tables having taken the place to a large extent of the sloping top desks formerly affected, greater space is given for display, and certainly it is utilized more. Inkwells are "wells" indeed, the smallest holding at least a gill of liquid. In many sets there are two pots, they being on a trap of noticeabe large dimensions, which serves also to hold pens. As a rule there seems to be a preference for square rather than round effects, the corners of all the articles shown following the same angles.

A lacquered brass, entirely plain but extremely large, is shown among the newest sets. Brass, indeed, is the favorite metal, although for men's business desks there are some striking effects in copper, hand wrought.

In really fancy parasols the assortment seemingly runs riot. The filmiest of chiffons, mousselines and nets are made up into sunshades, the lining of white or a color giving the strength necessary to make the parasol usable. If the cover is of net, a bold design is darned with heavy silk, a dash of gold thread often being used to enhance the design's beauty. Again a band of metallic insertion may be set in a few inches above the edge, tiny tassels to match tipping each of the many ribs of the parasol.

The plain linens, whether in white or colored, are always in good taste. In place of the solid embroidery the eyelet work will be the thing this season. Sometimes this work is done in color on white. An unusually handsome sunshade of this style has the edge exquisitely buttonholed in a fancy design, while each section has a specimen of the Danish Hedebo work that challenges admiration. A Newark woman who spent some time in Maideira the past year has a parasol somewhat similar. The eyelet embroidery is done on white linen, the parasol having a lining of soft green which throws every stitch into bold relief.

"Why, when hanging a picture, do I put it with its face to the wall?" repeated a woman, as she worked. "Well, there is method in my seeming madness. Just let me show you. I always hang the picture this way till I get it the proper height and the wire adjusted; then I turn it around. That turn gives a twist to the wire at the hook, which makes it absolutely impossible for the picture to hang unevenly. Isn't that a sufficiently good reason for the way I go about the hanging of my pictures?" she concluded.

"So far as the care of its body is concerned, the modern child of wealthy parents has nothing to complain of," remarked the maiden aunt. "Science looks after that, with a specialist at every turn. But when it comes to manners and character, the situation bristles with difficulties. The average child of well-to-do parents today is so surrounded by care and luxury that it never gets a chance to be natural and indulge in the harum-scarum pranks that indicates fullness of life and vigor.

"As soon as the baby days are outgrown the training for Chesterfieldian ways begins, and it is 'Don't do this' or 'Don't do that' at the heels of every action. A governess takes the child in hand, and if she is good and competent the unfortunate little son loses the few words kept unpronounceable from earlier days, and turns into a veritable little parrot, with long words rolling fluently from its tongue. With the mind once started in this direction and only few small companions to play with the youngster's vocabulary soon holds only 'grown-up' words; and if into it stray slang expressions or a stronger word, these undesirables are promptly plucked out, as the governess supposes. But has not every one had the experience of seeing the youngest member of the family in a rage and hearing that same curled darling use all the words he or she has been told were naughty, stringing them together in a very creditable way for one supposed to have had no practice?"

Some of the most fascinating new goods for children's wash dresses are now being shown. The cross-bar muslins to be had in a wide variety of designs, are particularly attractive. In buying dimities or muslins, it is well to remember that the cross bars will wear infinitely better than the stripe. There is always great danger of the striped material tearing, after a few launderings, close to the heavier cord used to mark off the stripes.

The predictions are that this summer will be another season for flowers on hats. A departure, however, in this style of trimming is that several different flowers, each equally natural, will be seen on the same hat. As one expresses it, the hats will suggest a bouquet from an old-fashioned country garden.

Girls who complain that their hands always look dirty should inspect the inside of their gloves, for if the latter are pulled on when the hands are not entirely clean and the kid becomes soiled every time the gloves are worn afterward they rub dirt on the skin. So care should be taken to prevent this, or, if such condition exists, the gloves must either be cleansed professionally or not worn again.

In cold weather some preparation to rub on the skin each time the hands are washed should be kept on the dressing table, for a low temperature has the effect of drying the skin, and if there is the least hardness in the water the roughness is intensified immeasurably.

Bags for holding the corsets are among the many dainty articles milady likes. They are usually of flowered dimity, lace trimmed, and just the length and width to hold the corsets when rolled up. A sachet or two are concealed within the bag.

Missouri Colony of Octogenarians.

In this town of about 400 inhabitants, off the railroad in Boone county, more than 2 per cent. of the people are more than 80 years old. The majority of these octogenarians are women. One never has been married, while some of the others have been wed several times. The oldest member of the colony is 87 years old and the youngest is 80.

In some cases the last names of the older persons almost have been forgotten. Every one in Ashland is Uncle Jo, Uncle Hugh, Aunt Mary or some similar name. Thomas Christian is the only one of the "oldest inhabitants" of Ashland who lives outside of the town limits. He is 80 years old. Uncle Billy Roberts, who was the senior member of the colony, died a few weeks ago at the age of 90.—Ashland Cor. St. Louis Times.

Galveston's Great Causeway.

The third great project of Galveston, Tex., since the storm of 1900, in which 6000 lives and $20,000,000 worth of property were lost, is a concrete causeway now building over the two miles of Galveston bay intervening between the mainland of Texas and the city of Galveston. It will consist of a protected roadway, a concrete arch bridge and a lift drawbridge, and will cost about $1,500,000. The protected roadway, or dirt portion of the causeway, is to be at either end; the concrete arch bridge, 2358 feet in length, is to span the middle, and the lift drawbridge is to be in the center of the arch bridge.—Popular Magazine.

Good Wine for the Future.

The 1908 port vintage will very shortly begin to be shipped from Oporto, Portugal, to England and all over the world for laying down in bottle, and forty or fifty years hence—or very probably sooner—a "crusted" bottle will be brought up from the cellars and carefully compared with the many fine vintages of the past. It is hardly possible to say now, with the wine in its infancy, that it will equal a "'47" or a "'63," or other special vintage, but it may be said that the 1908 wines will prove to be very fine indeed. The wines were well made under favorable weather conditions, and are now full of good body and color, giving a fine bouquet.

JUGGLING BY JURORS.

The Strange Ways in Which Some Verdicts Have Been Reached.

Often the fear of remaining locked up in the jury room for a long period will cause juries to resort to strange means to arrive at a verdict. An accused man who was placed on trial charged with petty larceny admitted on the stand that he was a thief, but still a verdict of acquittal was rendered by the jury.

For an hour the jurors wrangled among themselves in their endeavors to decide upon a unanimous verdict. It soon became apparent that no decision could be agreed upon, and one of the jurymen declared that there was no use quarreling over the different degrees, and since they could not agree on any one of them, the best course to pursue would be to acquit the man. He added that unless that were done they would all probably be locked up for the night. A ballot was taken at the conclusion of the speech, and the 12 jurors cast their votes for acquittal.

A strange case was that of a murderer whose lease on life was extended because one of the members of the jury was past the age of 65. The case was tried under the laws of the District of Columbia, which made it incompetent for any person under 21 or over 65 years of age to sit on a jury in a criminal case. The trial had lasted for 12 days, and when the jury's verdict finding the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree was rendered one of their number had passed the 65th year mark by two days.

Some men who serve on juries in criminal cases where a woman is the defendant are disinclined to vote for her conviction. Thus the decision in a case where a woman was charged with shoplifting depended on a game of cards. Three of the jurors stood for conviction and nine for acquittal. Finally one of the jurors suggested that the verdict be reached by a series of card games. The games were started and the men standing out for conviction were beaten. All the jurors voted "Not guilty," and the woman on trial was acquitted.

Jersey justice went a little awry perhaps when a jury once reached a verdict of conviction by drawing lots. The defendant was accused of petty larceny in robbing a gas meter of the slot variety. It was a particularly hot afternoon when the case was tried. The jury retired to a hot, stuffy room, and at 8 o'clock no agreement had been reached. Disagreement meant a long stay in the jury room, and finally a suggestion was made that lots be drawn to decide whether a verdict of acquittal or conviction be rendered. Each juror was handed a slip, on which he was to write either "Guilty" or "Not guilty." The slips were then placed between the leaves of a book. The first slip drawn from the book by the foreman was either to convict or acquit the defendant, and a paper was drawn bearing the word "Guilty."

Music of the Blood.

Have you ever heard your blood? Have you ever put one of those large sea shells to your ear and heard what the children say is the sound of the sea, the "music of the waves?" Well, that is really the sound of your blood—as it circulates—echoed in the empty shell. You can hear it sometimes when your head is on a pillow, but it does not sound so musical then. Try the shell at any time and you will find that your blood is always flowing. Stick your thumb in your ear and listen. That is nature's way of constantly carrying the nourishment from well digested food to every part of your body.

Weston's Two Hobbies.

When Edward Payson Weston isn't traversing the continent on one of his long walks he spends much of his time daily in the office of a Broad street (New York) broker. Next to walking, stocks is his great hobby, and his knowledge of the way of Wall street is only second to that of the science of pedestrianism.

Really Disconcerting.

"Mamma," said little Ethel, with a discouraged look on her face. "I ain't going to school any more."

"Why, my dearie, what's the matter?" the mother gently inquired.

"'Cause it ain't no use at all. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words on me all the time."

Such Ignorance.

Goodart—You didn't actually tell him that I didn't think him much of a poet?

Wiseman—Yes, I did.

Goodart—Oh! I wouldn't have had you do that for the world—

Wiseman—Nonsense! That doesn't hurt him. It only makes him pity you.

Bibulous.

"Nevertheless," said the young Roman, "he is an ambitious poet. He would serve the muses all his life." "But," replied his elder, "he makes the mistake of supposing that Bacchus is one of the muses."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hold Lie in Cold Storage.

Cop—What's the trouble here?

Pugnacious Individual—That man gave me the lie.

Cop—Well, you can't block up the sidewalk with it. Take it home and use it the next time you go fishin'.—Boston Transcript.

Doubtless a Woman M. D.

"My wife looks very poorly, you think, doctor?"

"Yes, I do."

"What do you think she needs?"

"A new hat and a new dress."

TWO KINDS OF MEN.

One Exercises Too Much and the Other Jeers at All Exercise.

"When a business man or an office worker rushes through his gymnasium cyclone fashion, chins himself 15 or 20 times, pumps on the parallel bar or swings on the horizontal bar for five minutes, smashes the medicine ball back and forth, hammers himself purple in the face on the punching bag, runs 10 times around the racing gallery and takes a hot shower bath and a rub down all in 18 and a half minutes he is simply loading himself to the bursting point with the fatigue of poisons of muscular effort and allowing no time for their elimination.

"He came to the gymnasium from his office with his blood loaded with the fatigue toxins of brain work," declares Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Outing. "He adds to them an additional amount of the muscle fatigue poisons and goes on his way rejoicing, both barrels loaded with carbon dioxide instead of one as before.

"This, of course, is bad—a case of too much exercise, in fact. On the other hand there are many men who denounce all physical culture and recreation as fads. They use the vigor that they have gained in early youth in nature's open air school to chain themselves to the desk, to bury themselves in dungeonlike offices or airless workrooms 12 or 14 hours a day.

"They 'feel fine' and are sure they are going to live to be a hundred; but one day to their astonishment a little artery whose coat has been hardened for 20 years unnoticed, becomes so brittle that it snaps suddenly—and down they go with a stroke of paralysis like a winged duck. It is never safe to jeer at the gods, whether the imaginary ones of Olympus or the real ones of modern science.

"The men who jeer loudest at physical culture and who sarcastically advise college and high school students ambitious for gymnasia or athletic fields to 'go and git a bucksaw and a cord of wood,' or a hoe and a potato patch and develop their muscles 'like I did when I was a boy' are the very ones who die suddenly when they should be in their prime for lack of exercise and open air recreation.

"It is really an astonishing thing how many giants of industry and transportation, particularly executive railroad men, die or suddenly go to pieces between 50 and 60 years of age. It is a common saying in railroad circles that a big general superintendent or department chief will seldom live beyond 48 to 55 years of age. Many break down before that."

ANOTHER PLANT WIZARD.

This One Grows "Freaks" in Less Time Than Burbank.

The drugs that people use in severe illnesses, such as strychnine, arsenic, digitalis and morphine, work strange transformations when administered to growing flowers and other plants. On the roof of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy Dr. Henry Kraemer, professor of botany, has for months been experimenting by feeding drugs to plants to make them grow and develop tendencies foreign to their natures. He has now, as a result of this work, one of the most remarkable gardens in the world. In a much shorter time than Burbank he has produced freak plants as strange as the Californian's. His work, however, is still in its infancy, and although the results are extremely interesting their value for practical purposes is yet in a large measure to be proved.

Many specimens of the same plant are being treated in Dr. Kraemer's garden with chemicals of widely different nature. The result is curious in the extreme. A plant treated with one particular kind of chemical will bloom magnificently, while another, treated with another chemical, will have a wealth of beautiful leaves, but not a sign of a bud. Some of the blooming beauties, treated with one kind of chemical, will flower with a gorgeous red, while another, of the same family exactly, will bloom out in blue or yellow colors, or in delicate tints never achieved by that particular flower before.

The chemicals used to change the colors of the plants or vary the character of their growth are fed to the plants in solutions of varying strengths, or added to the soil in solid form to be taken up gradually by the plant. Among his achievements Dr. Kraemer has changed a white rose to a red one.

Carnegie's Predictions.

Andrew Carnegie in a speech delivered during a banquet given the other day by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, at the California Club in his honor, said in part:

"I predict that before many years the laborer will be both capitalist and workman. Every employe should be a partner in the business in which he is employed.

"The day is coming when a man who operates on the stock exchange—a parasite upon values, creating them—will not be recognized as a man of affairs. I have strong ideas about these gamblers. I do not consider that they should be recognized.

"I do not believe in an income tax. It would make a nation of liars. Let men make all the money they can in their lifetime, but when they die let the State take half of it."

Japanese Stamps.

Japanese postage stamps are considered to be the most artistic in the world. There is a great demand for them at present. The first stamps were issued in 1871. There are comparatively few rare ones, the highest price ever known to have been paid for one being $50.

A GAME TO BE BEATEN.

Many Are the Schemes Devised to Outwit the Customs Officials.

From very early times there seems to have been a strong popular feeling against all revenue laws, which were held to be an infringement of human rights. Any way to beat them has always been considered legitimate, and to-day there are ever so many people incapable of any other form of dishonesty who will eagerly accept an opportunity to defraud the treasury of a few dollars in customs dues, never feeling any reproach of conscience on the subject, but, on the contrary, deriving a keen delight from the achievement.

The smuggling of earlier days was done mainly by fast sailing vessels specially equipped for the purpose, which, running the coast-guard blockade, hid their contraband goods—consisting very commonly of silks, laces, and high-priced liquors—in caves and other such convenient places along shore. This sort of business, however, has been almost entirely done away with, and at the present time evasions of the customs are accomplished almost exclusively by ingenious tricks of individuals.

Most of the smuggling nowadays is done by people who conceal things on their persons—particularly jewelry and laces, which are of small bulk and high value. If it were not for the threat of personal search, it is safe to say the government would collect almost no duty at all on such articles of merchandise. This privilege of searching the free-born American citizen is supported by the law. Nevertheless such a thing is never done unless the customs authorities have convincing evidence that fraud is being attempted.

The customs service employs seven female inspectors, at various ports, whose duty it is to watch for smuggling women, and to search them if necessary. Theirs is no easy task, for the women are constantly inventing ingenious schemes for defrauding Uncle Sam. Favorite receptacles for contraband merchandise are high heels hollowed out for the purpose, false calves, cakes of soap and corks of perfumery bottles, and even the legs of dolls may contain undeclared diamonds. A favorite trick is to sew the most costly laces upon inexpensive underclothing. It is said to be vastly entertaining sometimes, when a seeming fat lady is escorted back to her state room and there transformed into a thin woman by the removal of costly wrappings of laces and other precious fabrics.

A DISTINCT INDIVIDUALITY.

The Indian Should Not Be Classed With Other Non-Caucasians.

"Next to the well-nigh universal error of assuming that the Indian is only a white man with a red skin, the most frequent mistake made even by sympathetic friends is to take for granted that because he is a non-Caucasian, he is to be classed indiscriminately with other non-Caucasians, like the negro, let us say," writes Francis R. Leupp, who served four years as United States Commissioner of Indian affairs under President Roosevelt. "The truth is that, in spite of the analogy traceable between the customs of all races in their primitive stage, the Indian has a distinct individuality; and nothing shows it more convincingly than the way he has survived his experiences as a victim of conquest.

"Suppose, a century or so ago, an absolutely alien people, like the Chinese, had invaded our shores and driven the white colonists before them to districts more and more isolated, destroyed the industries on which they had always subsisted, and crowned all by disarming them and penning them into various tracts of land where they could be fed and clothed and cared for at no cost to themselves, to what condition would the white Americans of to-day have been reduced?

"In spite of their various ancestry they would surely have lapsed into weakness of mind, body, and will, and become pauperized. No race on earth could overcome, by forces evolved from within themselves, the effect of such treatment. That the Indians have not been wholly ruined by it is the best proof we could ask of the sturdy traits of character inherent in them. But, though not ruined, they have suffered serious deterioration, and the chief task now before us is to prevent its going any further."

American Perseverance.

"I lunched with Winston Churchill in London," said a journalist, "during his remarkable campaign. This brilliant young cabinet minister, with his American blood through his mother and his ducal blood through his father, praised American journalists.

"He gave me an example of our perseverance. Not less than forty-seven American correspondents called on him at the Board of Trade offices for an interview one week on the American tariff, and as none of them had sufficiently good credentials he refused to see them.

"Finally a correspondent came with a letter from Mr. Lloyd-George, and him Mr. Churchill saw gladly.

"'Do you know,' he said to the young man, 'that I have refused to see forty-seven of your compatriots on this very subject?'

"'I ought to know it,' the correspondent answered, 'for I'm the whole forty-seven.'"

In the Spring.

"I've spent $112.17 on my spring costume," said Mrs. Beakins, beaming. "Can't you fix up and go to church with me?"

"Well, I don't know," Beakins answered; "I might have my pants pressed or get a shine."

MERCIFUL "BATTERY DAN."

Famous Police Magistrate Was the Friend of Oppressed at Court.

"Battery Dan"—Daniel E. Finn—the police magistrate, who died recently in New York, was one of the most picturesque figures in the metropolis. His plain, blunt, outspoken manner of administering justice caused him to be idolized by his friends and neighbors. He always said that the weak and oppressed needed a friend at court, and he was going to help them. He soon became famous for his advice to policemen. While many of his actions had a humorous aspect, it was never denied that he mixed much common sense and knowledge of human nature with his decisions.

An undersized boy was once arraigned before him by a two-hundred-pound policeman.

"What is the trouble?" asked "Battery Dan," peering over his glasses.

"Your honor," said the policeman, "I arrested this boy at Canal and Lafayette streets for interfering with the police commissioner's automobile. He was driving a heavy team and the automobile was unable to get by."

"Horrible!" said the magistrate. "Young man, do you realize the heinousness of your offense?"

Sobbing, the youth said he did.

"Well," continued "Battery Dan," "heinous as it is, I am going to discharge you. But I warn you that if ever again you are brought into court on a similar charge, I shall deal with you severely. I shall sentence you to the Waldorf-Astoria for ten days with a muzzle on. I will teach you who owns the city."

One afternoon, while walking down Third avenue, Finn met some friends of a prisoner he had held. They pleaded with him to accept bail for the man. While he was meditating what to do, a patrol wagon filled with prisoners being transferred from the Morrisiana court to the Harlem prison came along. The prisoner, whose friends had interested the magistrate, was among the number.

"Stop!" shouted Magistrate Finn, running into the street and waving his blackthorn cane. "Where is the prisoner?" he asked, reading the name from the paper that had just been handed him. Taking the prisoner from the van he went to a nearby saloon, where he announced he would hold court. Everyone in the saloon doffed his hat while the accused man was arraigned. Then the bail bond was made out and the prisoner formally discharged.

"It doesn't hurt to do an act of kindness to a fellow man when it is within our power," he said.

THEIR GREAT VALUE.

Flowers Are Very Soothing to Tired Eyes and Frazzled Nerves.

Many persons do not realize the great value of flowers in the home. They not only afford much pleasure, but are really a necessity to the tired and wornout body. Many persons who are busily engaged during the day, perhaps occupied at some desk, where the monotonous work of each day is a great strain on the system, can go out into the park, or among the flowers of his own home, and in a very short time be refreshed wonderfully.

The mechanic who has to use his eyes continually throughout the long hours of a tiresome day will find real rest in gazing at the beautiful flowers. Many who are obliged to labor at certain work that compels the vision to be centered for hours on one color will find much comfort to be had in a few moments spent in examining a few of the different colored flowers that are found in many of our homes.

Persons who have to work with black goods for hours often experience much difficulty, and to relieve the eye have different colored pieces of cloth lying about, that the vision may not be wholly occupied with the one color. This is said to have even cured some persons of threatened blindness or other serious difficulty. Flowers would answer the same purpose, and even do more, for they would be natural colors and be less liable to injure the vision or nerves of the person troubled.

The boy or girl who can not see beauty in a flower is in need of a closer communion with God. Stop and consider why the flowers were placed here, and think of the happiness that can be found in their culture, as well as the real benefit, physically and mentally, as well as financially. Many persons are earning a living simply by growing flowers in a small garden. Who can imagine a more delightful occupation and one that will bring us nearer to our Heavenly Father?

Wasn't Worried About Herself.

At the age of 86, Mme. Reynolds still found much zest in life, and having retained all her faculties she felt that a few of the physical disabilities of her age were of small account and portended nothing. Her nephew Thomas was a man of much worth but of a certain tactlessness of speech which always roused the ire of his aunt.

A few weeks before the old lady's 87th birthday Thomas, who had been overweighted with business cares for years, started on a trip around the world which was to consume two years.

"I've come to say good-by," he announced when he appeared at his aunt's house, in a town 50 miles distant from his home. "I'm starting round the world next week, and as I'm to be gone two years, and perhaps longer, I thought I might not ever—well, you understand, I wanted to be sure to see you once more."

The old lady leaned forward, fixing him with her beadlike eyes.

"Thomas," she said imperatively, "do you mean to tell me the doctor doesn't think you'll live to get back?"

LITTLE THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

It is estimated that one crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year.

Dentists say that damp weather increases their business 50 per cent.

For headache, bathing behind the ears with hot water often proves of immense benefit.

The fishing industry of the United States is valued at more than that of any other country.

It is estimated that there are 300,000 inhabitants of the polar regions, one person to each ten miles area.

The largest domestic source of the salt supply is in New York state, in the vicinity of Syracuse. Michigan probably comes next.

The new main line railroad track built in the United States in 1909 amounted to 3,748 miles. In 1908, 3,214 miles were laid.

From 1789 to 1909, inclusive, the government of the United States spent $474,163,917 in caring for the Indians of the country.

Recently the largest elm tree in Winslow township, Jefferson county, Pennsylvania, was cut. By the annual rings it was between 320 and 325 years old.

About 2,000,000 of the natives of Siam are kept busy cultivating rice. Several varieties are cultivated, some requiring only two months, while others require up to six months to ripen.

In South American cities such as Buenos Aires, Rio Janeiro, Lima and Valparaiso billboards are regulated and taxed, the city of Buenos Aires itself putting up the boards and renting the space. In America are almost the only cities in the world where the billboard—untaxed and scarcely regulated at all—is free to revel in its blight.

WITH THE SAGES.

Every failure teaches a man something, if he will learn.—Charles Dickens.

Those who care not for the morrow will the sooner have their sorrow.—Confucius.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.—Confucius.

The rule of self-obedience to the right will bring all things into order.—Gladstone.

Being all fashioned of the self-same dust. Let us be merciful as well as just.—Longfellow.

The very name and appearance of a happy man breathe of good nature and help the rest of us to live.—R. L. Stevenson.

Instruction ends in the school room, but education only with life. A child is given to the universe to educate.—Robertson.

Consult with him that is wise and of sound judgment, and seek to be instructed by one better than thyself, rather than to follow thine own inventions.—Thomas a Kempis.

In reverence is the chief joy and power of life; reverence for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvelous in the power that cannot die.—J. Ruskin.

In the man whose childhood has known caresses and kindness, there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues.—George Eliot.

Good sense is not a merely intellectual attribute; it is rather the result of a just equilibrium of all our faculties.—Bulwer Lytton.

SPLINTERS.

High kickers—gallery gods.

The worm turns, but usually too late to get away.

If you pay as you go you are not so likely to exceed the speed limit.

You can't expect to make your way in the world by shoving through the crowd.

Some people don't even know enough to stop when they run up against a safety gate.

The pen would be mightier than the sword in handling the seat hogs on a railroad train.

Adele—Maude has an ideal complexion, hasn't she? Estelle—I don't know; I didn't know that she used that brand.

Bills—What makes you say that he isn't a consistent temperance man? Wills—He kicked on the amount of his water tax.

Bowers—Do you think that the world is getting wiser? Powers—Yes, and if we have a few more trust investigations we will soon know it all.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

Turn over a new leaf.—Middleton.

An ill weed grows apace.—Chapman.

Saying and doing are two things.—Henry.

He that dies pays old debts.—Shakespeare.

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness.—Marlowe.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man.—Addison.

As good be out of the world as out of fashion.—Cibber.

Toil, says the proverb, is the sire of fame.—Euripides.

The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light.—Swift.

Think not that thy word and thine alone must be right.—Sophocles.

Oft hath even a whole city reaped the evil fruit of a bad man.—Hesiod.

Nothing is there more friendly to a man than a friend in need.—Plautus.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

People never hear half you say.

Ever know a "jokey" man who amounted to much?

When you're old, you're old, and you can do nothing for it.

Nothing tires a man more than to be grateful all the time.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who ate Indian bread?

What a husband wants from his wife is not criticism, but applause.

A man will promise women and babies anything, to keep them quiet.

Somehow no one ever seems to regard a little man's troubles seriously.

When times are dull, stinging resolutions do not make them any better.

Ever go into a big restaurant and note how funny people are when they eat?

A girl can talk for an hour of what she would do if she had $5 of her own.

A woman should at least be grateful for one thing; she is never asked to be a pallbearer.

A drunken man is like a fly; he has nothing to do, and hunts up a busy man to play with.

Every impudent, nervy person should be "called" promptly, and as brutally as possible.

Life wouldn't be half bad if people didn't take such keen delight in annoying each other.

We have a notion that when we die, our last words will be: "I'm tired of so much foolish talk."

A good many men, and all motorcycles, make too much noise for the size of the load they carry.

The greatest drawback in this country is the excitement every four years to please the politicians.

The old women may know more about medicines than the doctors, but you would not like to bet on it.

Don't believe men who say the country is in danger, and that you should quit work to "electioneer."

Our idea of a worthless boy is one who satisfies his mother to the extent of keeping his white stockings clean.

THE GINGER JAR.

Keep your word and your word will keep you.

The spark of love is usually kindled before there is a match.

When it is as broad as it's long it must be the square thing.

It is better to make a few mistakes than to do nothing at all.

After an exchange of hot words a coolness is sure to set in.

Say not always what you know, but always know what you say.

The farmer who sets a good, straight fence also sets a good example.

The mole never waits for something to turn up; he goes right out and does it himself.

People like to be taken for what they are worth, except when the tax assessor visits them.

Contentment is merely the ability to forget for a while the things that are beyond our reach.

Even the most learned of us never realize how little we know till a small boy begins to ask questions.

Many women after remedying a smoky stove or a smoking lamp, have to put up with a smoking husband.

"If the shoe fits, wear it," is a time-worn saying, but with a woman if the shoe fits she takes it back because it is too big.

"Father sent me over to borrow your paper; he wants to read it." "Tell him I'm coming over to borrow his breakfast; I only want to eat it."

LATE INVENTIONS.

There has been invented in Spain a cylindrical barrel for grapes, divided into four sections, to ventilate the contents and prevent them being crushed.

A recently invented rescue stretcher for mines has oxygen tanks at one end opening into bag into which a man's head and shoulders may be placed.

For use in manual training schools a Wisconsin man has patented a tool chest which may be converted into a work bench by clamping it to the top of two desks.

An arm to be suspended over a roll of wrapping paper, carrying a roller to imprint a merchant's advertisement on every piece of paper torn off, is a New York man's invention.

A balanced grand piano has been invented in England. One side is a duplicate of the other, and the lid is hinged in the center so as to distribute the sound waves easily.

A metal seat, hinged and suspended by chains from a window casing, has been patented by an Ohio man for window cleaning as well as for use as a shelf on which food may be placed to cool.

On the principle of the slide trombone is a gas fixture invented by an Indiana man, so constructed that the burner may be slid to any point along the wall of a room where the light is most needed.

For telephoning from a moving train an Iowa man has patented a device consisting of a metal bar to be suspended from a locomotive or car low enough to come in contact with standards set in the ties.

Usually the Case.

"Did your wealthy old uncle leave many heirlooms?"

"Oh, yes. A new heir looms up almost every week."

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

Prescriptions A Specialty

OEORGE F. MEYER'S DRUG STORE

"Will Go on Your Bond"

Will write any kind of INSURANCE

Clark B. Davis

LOANS NOTARY

ANNA E. CARTER

NOTARY PUBLIC

Pension Vouchers Filled Out.

Office at the Daily REPUBLICAN office, 108 West Second Street.

LEWIS & SWAILS

LAWYERS

SEYMOUR, INDIANA

Indianapolis, Columbus and Southern Traction Co.

I. C. & S. SOUTHERN TRACTION CO.

In effect Jan. 2, 1910.

North-bound Cars Lv. Seymour TO	South-bound Cars Ar. Seymour FROM
7:00 a. m....I	C....6:30 a. m
x8:10 a. m....I	G....7:50 a. m.
9:03 a. m....I	I....8:51 a. m.
*9:17 a. m....I	I...*9:10 a. m.
10:03 a. m....I	I... 9:50 a. m.
11:03 a. m. ..I	I...10:50 a. m.
*11:17 a. m....I	I..*11:10 a. m.
12:03 p. m ..I	I...11:50 a. m.
1:03 p. m....I	I...12:50 p. m.
*1:17 p. m....I	I....1:50 p. m.
2:03 p. m...I	I...*2:10 p. m.
3:03 p. m ...I	I...2:50 p. m
*3:17 p. m...I	I....3:50 p. m.
4:03 p. m....I	I...*4:10 p. m.
5:03 p. m...I	I....4:50 p. m.
6:03 p. m ...I	I....5:50 p. m.
*6:17 p m....I	I...*6:10 p. m.
7:03 p. m... I	I.. .6:50 p. m.
*8:17 p. m....I	I...*8:10 p. m.
9:03 p. m....I	I...8:50 p. m.
10:45 p. m ...G	I....9:50 p. m.
11:55 p. m....C	I...11:38 p. m

I.—Indianapolis. G.—Greenwood.
C.—Columbus.
*—Hoosier Flyers *—Dixie Flyers.
x—Seymour-Indianapolis Limiteds.

Cars make connections at Seymour with trains of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.

For rates and full information see agents and official time table folders in all cars.

General Offices—Columbus, Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS AND LOUISVILLE TRACTION COMPANY.

In effect May 10, 1910.

Dixie Flyers leave Seymour for Crothersville, Scottsburg, Sellersburg, Watson Junction, Jeffersonville and Louisville at 9:11, 11:11 a. m. and 2:11, 4:11, 6:11, 8:11 p. m.

Local cars leave Seymour for Louisville and all intermediate points at 6:00, 8:00, 10:00 a. m. 12:00 m., *1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, *9:00, *11:00 p. m.

Freight service daily except Sunday between Seymour, Jeffersonville, Louisville, New Albany and all intermediate points.

Express service given on local pa senger cars.

* Runs as far as Scottsburg only.

For rates and further information see agents, or official time folders in all cars.

GENERAL OFFICES,
Scottsburg, Indiana.

Southern Indiana Railway Company.

NORTH BOUND.
—Daily—

	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6
Lv Seymour	6:40 am	11:40 am	5:05 pm
Lv Bedford	7:58 am	1:00 pm	6:25 pm
Lv Odon	9:07 am	2:08 pm	7:34 pm
Lv Elnora	9:17 am	2:18 pm	7:44 pm
Lv Beehuter	9:33 am	2:35 pm	7:59 pm
Lv Linton	9:48 am	2:48 pm	8:14 pm
Lv Jasonville	10:12 am	3:12 pm	8:38 pm
Ar Tr. Haute	11:05 am	4:05 pm	9:30 pm

No. 28 mixed leaves Westport at 5:00 p.m., arrives at Seymour 6:40 p.m. daily except Sunday.

SOUTH BOUND.
—Daily—

	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5
Lv Tr. Haute	6:00 am	11:10 am	5:35 pm
Lv Jasonville	6:54 am	12:04 pm	6:29 pm
Lv Linton	7:18 am	12:28 pm	6:53 pm
Lv Beehunter	7:30 am	12:40 pm	7:05 pm
Lv Elnora	7:45 am	12:55 pm	7:20 pm
Lv Odon	7:55 am	1:05 pm	7:34 pm
Lv Bedford	9:12 am	2:22 pm	8:48 pm
Ar Seymour	10:25 am	3:35 pm	10:00 pm

No. 25 mixed leaves Seymour for Westport at 2:50 p.m., arrives at Westport 4:35 p.m., daily except Sunday.

For time tables and further information, apply to local agent, or
H. P. RADLEY, G. P. & T. A.
Trust Building, Terre Haute.

TOLL OF DEATH IN COAL MINES

Statistics Covering Casualties In Twenty-Five Years.

THE MORTALITY IN ILLINOIS

In the Quarter of a Century in Which Records Have Been Kept Nearly Twenty-Five Hundred Miners Have Been Killed in Illinois and More Than Eleven Thousand Injured, Not Including Cherry Disaster.

Springfield, Ill., June 22.—During the last twenty-five years excellent records of coal-mine accidents have been kept by the well-organized bureau of labor statistics of Illinois, of which David Ross is the present secretary. The statistics are collected for the fiscal years ending June 30. The total number of deaths and injuries during the twenty-five years ending June 30, 1909, the accidents and their causes, have been as follows:

Cause.	Killed.	Injured
Gas and dust explosions...	153	191
Powder explosions and windy shots	298	541
Falls of roof and coal	1,310	6,438
Miscellaneous	732	4,399
	2,493	11,569

Of the total of 14,062 accidents 7,748, or nearly 55 per cent, were due to falls of roof and coal.

The year 1909 was, in the number of accidents, the worst in the history of the state, and the figures as given do not include those for the fire at the Cherry mine, which occurred on Nov. 13. This disaster, which, according to the unofficial reports, caused the death of 393 men, will be included in the statistics for 1910. The fatalities at this one mine fire nearly equaled the total deaths from all causes in the coal mines of Illinois for the two fiscal years 1908 and 1909.

The total number of accidents in the Illinois coal mines for the fiscal year 1909 was 1,107, of which 213 were fatal and 894 nonfatal. The number of fatal accidents exceeded by fourteen the previous high record of 199 in 1905. Forty per cent of the fatal and nearly 50 per cent of the nonfatal accidents were due to falls of roof and coal, and 19 per cent of the fatal and 3 per cent of the nonfatal accidents were caused by explosions of gas and dust. The production of coal in Illinois in the fiscal year 1909, according to Mr. Ross's report, was 49,163,710 short tons, which indicates an output of 230,800 tons for each life lost. The death rate per thousand was 2.93. Corresponding figures for 1908 were 269,248 tons and 2.58 deaths per thousand. The most serious accident included in the statistics for 1909 was an explosion at Ziegler, in which, it is reported, twenty-four men were killed.

THE NATIONAL GAME

Here Are the Current Scores in the Three Big Leagues.

The National League.

At Philadelphia— R.H.E.
Boston..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 7 3
Phil'd'lphia 0 0 0 0 3 1 3 5 *—12 14 1

Parsons, Mattern and Rariden; Moore and Moran.

Second Game— R.H.E.
Boston..... 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 7 0
Philadelphia 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 *—2 4 0

Frock and Graham; Foxen and Jacklitsch.

At Brooklyn— R.H.E.
New York. 1 2 2 0 0 1 0 1 5—12 14 0
Brooklyn.. 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1 8 4

Crandall, Mathewson, Meyers and Schlei; Rucker, Dessau, Knetzer and Erwin.

At Chicago— R.H.E.
Cincinnati.. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 3 1
Chicago.... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 *—1 3 1

Beebe, Gasper, McLean and Clark; Brown, Reulbach and Kling.

At St. Louis— R.H.E.
Pittsburg... 0 0 0 3 1 1 0 0 0—5 4 1
St. Louis... 0 0 0 1 4 2 0 0 *—7 10 1

Adams, White and Gibson; Bachman, Willis, Bresnahan and Phelps.

Second Game— R.H.E.
Pittsburg.. 2 0 0 1 4 0 1 0 2—10 19 1
St. Louis.. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 2—3 11 2

Powell and Gibson; Sallee, Raleigh, Pickert and Phelps.

The American League.

At New York— R.H.E.
Philadelphia 0 0 1 0 0 5 0 0 1—7 11 1
New York.. 1 0 0 0 1 2 0 0 0—4 7 1

Atkins, Morgan and Lapp; Frill, Ford, Mitchell and Sweeney.

Second Game— R.H.E.
Philadelphia 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 3—7 7 0
New York.. 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1 3 3

Plank and Donohue; Vaughn and Mitchell.

At Boston— R.H.E.
Washington. 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0—2 7 2
Boston..... 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—3 8 0

Gray and Street; Collins and Kleinow.

At Detroit— R.H.E.
St. Louis... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 4 4
Detroit..... 2 0 1 0 4 0 0 1 *—8 10 2

Bailey and Stephens; Killian, Stanage and Casey.

At Cleveland— R.H.E.
Chicago.... 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 9 4
Cleveland.. 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—3 10 1

Young, Scott and Payne; Young and Easterly.

Second Game— R.H.E.
Chicago.. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3—3 8 0
Cleveland. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 7 2

Young and Block; Koestner and Easterly.

PEOPLE WE KNOW.

They are Seymour People and What They Say is of Local Interest.

When an incident like the following occurs right here at home, it is bound to carry weight with our readers. So many strange occurrences go the rounds of the press: are published as facts, people become skeptical. On one subject skepticism is rapidly disappearing. This is due to the actual experience of our citizens, and their public utterances regarding them. The doubter must doubt no more in the face of such evidence as this. The public statement of a reputable citizen living right at home, one whom you can see every day, leaves no ground for the skeptic to stand on.

F. H. Leach, 605 W. Jackson street, Seymour, Ind., says: "About six years ago I had a fall that injured my kidneys. I suffered greatly and though I spent much money for medicine of various kinds, I did not get relief until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills. In view of my satisfactory experience with this preparation, I advise other kidney sufferers to give it a trial."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of letters remaining at the postoffice at Seymour, Indiana, and if not called for within 14 days will be sent to the dead letter office.

Ladies

Miss Josie Burgdoll
Mrs. D. V. Hyde
Mme. Mizrah
Mme. Mizrah
Mrs. Leon Smith
Mrs. Maude

Men

Walter C. Holmes
Wellington Holmes
M. A. Newkirk
Mr. E. P. Roberts
Mr. Horm Vogel

June 20, 1910.
EDWARD A. REMY, P. M.

Saved from Awful Death.

How an appalling calamity in his family was prevented is told by A. D. McDonald, of Fayetteville, N. C., R. F. D. No. 8. "My sister had consumption," he writes, "she was very thin and pale, had no appetite and seemed to grow weaker every day, as all remedies failed, till Dr. King's New Discovery was tried, and so completely cured her that she has not been troubled with a cough since. It's the best medicine I ever saw or heard of." For coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, hemorrhage, all bronchial troubles, it has no equal. 50c, $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

Picnic Party.

Miss Doris Geile is giving a picnic party this afternoon in honor of her cousin, Miss Ruth Geile, of Indianapolis. The party left on the 2 o'clock car, accompanied by Miss Julia Kerkhof, for Mineral Springs, where they will spend the afternoon playing games and enjoying their supper in the woods. They will return at 8 o'clock. Those making up the party are: Miss Doris Geile, Miss Ruth Geile, Rebecca Dixon, Marie Cordes, Mabel Heuser, Marie Wieneke, Elsie Massman, Lois Casey and Master Francis Geile.

Wants to Help Some One.

For thirty years J. F. Boyer, of Fertile, Mo., needed help and couldn't find it. That's why he wants to help some one now. Suffering so long himself he feels for all distress from backache, nervousness, loss of appetite, lassitude and kidney disorders. He shows that Electric Bitters work wonders for such troubles. "Five bottles," he writes,, "wholly cured me and now I am well and hearty." It's also positively guaranteed for liver trouble, dyspepsia, blood disorders, female complaint and malaria. Try them. 50c at Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

Still Likes Indiana.

Otis Bozzell is here from Tulsa, Okla., where he went a few months ago with his family to locate. He says that the best days for a man without much capital to locate at Tulsa is past but that if a man has a little money he can still go there and do well. He will look for a position here and if he finds anything to his liking he will send for his family and again become a Hoosier.

Ends Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is the season of trouble. The frost bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healed of burns, boils, piles, cuts, sores, eczema and sprains. Only 25s at Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

Try a Want Ad in the Republican.

The Finest Train to Colorado—

California or Pacific Northwest points is the

St. Louis—Colorado Limited

Leaving St. Louis daily at 2.15 p. m. over the lines of the

Wabash and Union Pacific

"The Safe Road"

WABASH

Dustless, perfect track—electric block signals—dining car meals and service "Best in the World."

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Ask about our personally conducted tours to Yellowstone National Park.

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(352)

JUDSON HARMON

Governor of Ohio Renominated by Democrats in State Convention.

BLACK HAND THREATS DULY CARRIED OUT

Little Son of a New York Physician Kidnapped.

New York, June 22.—Michael, the three-year-old son of Dr. Mariano Scimeca, was playing on the third floor of the apartment house at 2 Prince street, about 4 o'clock last evening with half a dozen youngsters who live in the building. An Italian, the children said, who was big, with great whiskers, came up the stairs and patted Michael on the cheek.

"Come with me," the big man said to Michael, "and I will buy you candy."

The little Scimeca put his hand in the big man's hand and the children saw them go down the stairs and out into the street together. That is the last anybody has seen of them.

Dr. Scimeca notified the police, who told him that his son had been, without doubt, kidnapped. Had he received any black hand letters? The doctor hesitated. Yes, he had received four letters in the past year. The persons who wrote them signed themselves The Black Hand and demanded $1,000 or they would take Michael, his son, and kill him. Dr. Scimeca has been six years in this country and had a large practice among the Italians of the quarter around Prince street.

Want Ads in the Republican Pay.

[illegible]

Indianapolis

$1 Excursion

SUNDAY, JUNE 26

Leave Seymour 9 25 a m.

TERSE TELEGRAMS

Governor Adolph. O. Eberhart of Minneapolis has been renominated by the Republicans of that state.

Arthur Donner has resigned as treasurer of the American Sugar Refining company, an office which he has held since 1899 at a salary of $100,000.

The engagement of Miss Anna E. Wing Cockrell, daughter of Frances Marion Cockrell, former senator from Missouri, to L. A. Coromilas, the minister from Greece, has been announced.

Mrs. George Millidger, aged sixty, wife of a wealthy retired baker of Cincinnati, made a gasoline torch of herself in an attempt to commit suicide. She will die from her burns.

M. C. Strohm, for forty-one years gymnastic instructor and boxing master at the naval academy and known to almost every graduate since the civil war, is dead at Annapolis of a heart affection.

Secretary Knox is engaged in a diplomatic controversy with the German foreign office to overcome the opposition of Germany to the granting of concessions in Asia Minor to an American syndicate.

While a freight crew of the Pennsylvania line was doing some switching at the Southern Indiana transfer tracks Tuesday they let a car get away from them on the S. I. track and had to go almost to White river after it.

THE SOUTHERN INDIANA RAILWAY COMPANY FOURTH OF JULY EXCURSION RATES 1910.

For the above occasion we will sell EXCURSION TICKETS at rate of ONE and ONE-HALF fare for the ROUND TRIP, sufficient to be added to make fare end in "0" or "5". MINIMUM FARE 50c. CHILDREN—ONE HALF THE ADULT RATE. MINIMUM CHARGE 50 CENTS.

DATES OF SALE.—July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, 1910.

RETURN LIMIT.—July 5th, 1910.

SPECIAL — SPECIAL — SPECIAL

Account GRAND MILITARY JUBILEE at SEYMOUR we will run SPECIAL TRAIN SEYMOUR TO BEDFORD, leaving SEYMOUR at 11:00 p. m. of the FOURTH to take care of those who wish to stay for the evening entertainment.

For further information call on or write any of the undersigned.

H. P. Radley, G. P. A., Terre Haute, Ind.
C. V. Link, G. A., Bedford, Ind.
S. L. Cherry, Agent, Seymour, Ind.

Banks on Sure Thing Now.

"I'll never be without Dr. King's New Life Pills again," write A. Schingeck, 647 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y. "They cured me of chronic constipation when all other failed." Unequaled for biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, headache, chills, malaria and debility. 25c at Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

The harness and blanket, which were stolen from the barn of R. O. Mayes several months ago, have been recovered. Mr. Mayes noticed a blanket in a wagon passing his store on West Second street, and had the police investigate. The man who had the harness and blanket said he had purchased them from two boys several weeks ago.

S. S. S. CURES SKIN DISEASES

Lying just beneath the outer covering or tissue-skin, is a sensitive membranous flesh in which are imbedded thousands of small blood vessels. It is through these tiny veins and arteries that nutriment is supplied from the blood to the different pores, glands and lymphatics. Thus the skin is kept healthy, and free from all eruption or disease, by pure blood. But when impurities and humors infect the circulation its nourishing properties are diminished and instead of supplying the skin with healthful properties it constantly irritates and diseases the delicate fibres, pores and glands with sharp uratic matter. Then the skin tissues inflame. swell and ulcerate and some form of skin disease appears on the surface. Applying soothing lotions, salves, etc., to the outer eruptions does not purify the blood and therefore the skin trouble can not be cured in this manner. S. S. S. cures all skin diseases by neutralizing the acids and removing the humors from the blood. It cools the acid-heated circulation, builds it up to its normal strength and thickness, multiplies its rich, nutritious corpuscles, and adds to its purity in every way. Then the skin, instead of being irritated and inflamed by sour impurities is nourished, soothed and softened by this cooling, healthy stream of blood. S. S. S. Cures Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Poison Oak, boils, pimples, rashes, etc. Book on Skin Diseases free to all who write.

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SECRETARY